

This Is How

It Happened

BETTY STIRLING

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by BETTY STIRLING
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"Advents"!

CHAPTER II

MARY ALBERTS jumped off the school bus as soon as the bus driver opened the door. Her brother Ronnie was right at her heels. Without even calling good-by to anyone, they raced up the farm road to their house.

Waggy, the big collie, joined them at the edge of the yard, but Mary shoved him out of the way and ran up the steps to the kitchen door.

"Mamma! Mamma!" she called, even before she got the door open.

"Hello, children," mother said, looking up from her breadmaking. "How—"

"Mamma, it was terrible!" said Mary.

"They called us names," said Ronnie.

"I won't ride the bus again," said Mary. "I—"

"Sit down and tell me what this is all about," mother said. "Surely nothing is as bad as all that."

Mary wiped her eyes with the back of her hand, leaving a streak of dirt across her cheek.

"It's this way," said Ronnie. "You know there was a fair at the school on Saturday—"

Mother nodded.

"And we didn't go, 'cause it was Sabbath," said Ronnie. "Now this afternoon on the way home some of the kids from other rooms than ours—mostly fifth and sixth graders—began to tease us about it. They called us 'Advents,' and everything else they could think of."

Mother sighed. "I wish you could go to a church school," she said. "Then there wouldn't be fairs on Sabbath that you couldn't attend. But with church nearly forty miles away, we can't send you to church school."

"It's mean of them to call us names," said Mary angrily. "Anyway, I don't see why we have to have a church name like ours. Maybe if our church didn't say 'Seventh-day' they wouldn't tease us about the Sabbath."

"They'd still call us 'Advents,' though," said Ronnie. "Mamma, what does 'Advents' mean? Why is our church called Seventh-day Adventist anyway? Why couldn't we have some other name?"

"Our church name tells what we believe," said mother. "Can you tell me what it means?"

"Seventh-day means that the seventh day is the Sabbath," said Mary.

"But what does 'Adventist' mean?" asked Ronnie.

"Would you like to have me tell you how our church got that name?" mother asked.

“Oh, yes,” said Mary. She pulled her chair up close to where her mother was kneading the bread.

Mother laughed. “Not right now. You two do your chores, and then we’ll have supper. At worship time daddy and I will tell you about it.”

Mary got up slowly. “All right,” she said, “but that’s a long time to wait.”

The youngsters changed from their school clothes to their work clothes and went out to the barn to do their chores. Mary gathered the eggs and fed the chickens while Ronnie helped drive the cows to the milking barn. There were so many things to do that it didn’t really seem long until they were in the living room for worship.

“I have a special song for us to sing tonight,” said mother. “It’s No. 664 in *The Church Hymnal*. This was one of the early songs of our church.”

Mary looked up the song. “It’s called an early advent hymn,” she said.

“That’s right,” said mother. “Its name is ‘Long Upon the Mountains,’ and it tells how the advent church is keeping the Ten Commandments and watching for Jesus to come.”

Mother played the song, and everyone sang.

Long upon the mountains, weary,
Have the scattered flock been torn;
Dark the desert paths, and dreary;
Grievous trials have they borne.

THIS IS HOW IT HAPPENED

Now the gathering call is sounding,
Solemn in its warning voice;
Union, faith, and love, abounding,
Bid the little flock rejoice.

Now the light of truth they're seeking,
In its onward track pursue;
All the Ten Commandments keeping,
They are holy, just, and true.
On the words of life they're feeding,
Precious to their taste, so sweet;
All their Master's precepts heeding,
Bowing humbly at His feet.

In that world of light and beauty,
In that golden city fair,
Soon its pearly gates they'll enter,
And of all its glories share.
There, divine the soul's expansions,
Free from sin, and death, and pain;
Tears will never dim those mansions
Where the saints immortal reign.

Soon He comes! with clouds descending;
All His saints, entombed, arise;
The redeemed, in anthems blending,
Shout their victory through the skies.
O, we long for Thine appearing;
Come, O Saviour, quickly come!
Blessed hope! our spirits cheering,
Take Thy ransomed children home.

"I like this song," said Ronnie. "Let's sing it again some night. Now, mamma, you said you would tell us how our church got its name."

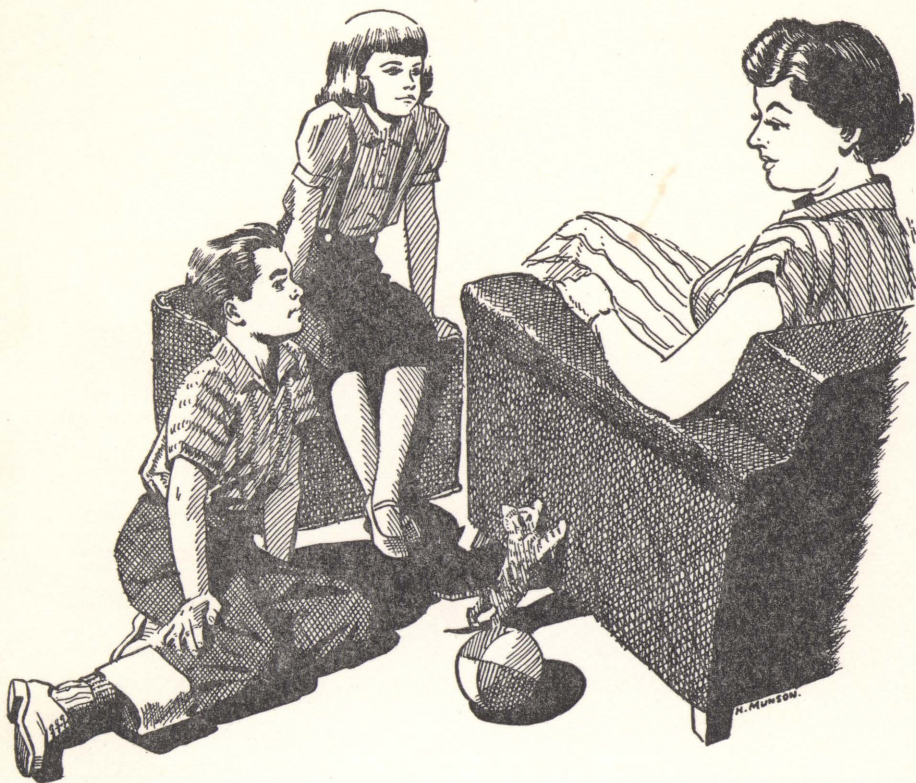
Mr. Miller and His Message

CHAPTER 2

AS MOTHER sat in the rocking chair near the piano, she began. "Yes, I'm going to tell you the story of our church. More than a hundred years ago people began to study the prophecies in the Bible. The more they studied, the more certain they were that Jesus was to come back soon to this earth. The return of Jesus to the earth is called 'His second advent.' "

Mary smiled. So that is what "advent" means!

"There was one man who studied the prophecies of Daniel a great deal," mother went on. "His name was William Miller. In the book of Daniel he found a prophecy that told, among other things, when Jesus would come to Bethlehem as a baby. When he figured out this long prophecy of 2300 years he discovered that it ended in 1844. The prophecy said that at the



end of the years, 'then shall the sanctuary be cleansed.' He thought this meant that Jesus would come at that time."

"Was Mr. Miller a preacher?" Mary asked.

"No," said mother; "he was a farmer. He wanted to tell others about what he had studied, but he didn't know where to begin. Finally he prayed that if the Lord wanted him to tell about the 2300-year prophecy

and the return of Jesus, someone should come and ask him to preach.”

“Did someone really come?” asked Ronnie.

“Yes,” said mother, “that very morning. Mr. Miller was so surprised that he almost said No. But after he had prayed again he told the young man he would preach the next Sunday—”

“He didn’t keep the Sabbath?” Mary interrupted.

Mother smiled. “No, Mr. Miller did not know about the Sabbath, Mary. People became interested in his message about the coming of Jesus. Many preachers began to study about the prophecy, and they also believed that Jesus would come in 1844.”

“Did Mr. Miller live here in California?” asked Mary.

“No, he lived in New England,” said mother. “Do you know where that is?”

“Yes,” said Ronnie. “That’s across the country from here. New England is by the Atlantic Ocean, and California is by the Pacific Ocean.”

Mary was puzzled. “But, mamma, Jesus didn’t come in 1844. He hasn’t come yet.”

“That’s right,” said mother. “Many people studied the Bible, and they were certain that Jesus would come then. They looked for Him in 1843 and then in the spring of 1844. But the time came, and Jesus didn’t come back to this earth. The people were very disappointed. William Miller and the other ministers

studied the Bible more than ever, and they discovered that the 2300 years actually ended in the fall of 1844. They even figured out what day it would end—October 22. During that summer they preached more than ever.”

“My, they must have been excited,” said Mary, “to think that Jesus would come so soon.”

“They were,” said mother. “As the time got closer, people closed down their shops and farmers didn’t even harvest their crops. They were sure that they would be in heaven before the winter came.”

“But why didn’t Jesus come then?” asked Ronnie.

“I think we’d better leave that for tomorrow,” said mother.

“Right after school,” said Mary. “I don’t want to have to wait until worship time.”

A Great Disappointment

CHAPTER 3

THE children on the bus didn't tease Mary and Ronnie again, but Mary didn't forget about the story mother had promised to finish.

As Mary and Ronnie ran up the road to the house, Mary said, "Wouldn't it have been fun to live when William Miller did and expect Jesus to come right at a certain time?"

"Ye-es," said Ronnie. "But He didn't come then, and they must have been bitterly disappointed. I think maybe I'd rather live today, because Jesus will come soon—the Bible says so."

Mary ran into the kitchen. "Mamma, mamma, I got 100 in spelling and arithmetic both. Mamma, are you going to finish the story now, please?"

"One thing at a time," said mother, laughing. "I'm glad you got a good grade today, Mary. I'd like to



finish the story now, but what do you think the chickens would do if a certain girl didn't feed them?"

"All right," said Mary. "But I wish worship time would hurry."

After supper, Mary and Ronnie did the dishes and then went into the living room for worship.

"Let's sing the advent hymn we sang last night," said Ronnie. "I like it."

After the song, mother went on with her story.

"Through that summer of 1844 many people listened to the Adventist preachers and looked for Jesus to come on October 22. When the day finally came, they gathered in quiet places, in churches, or in the country, to wait and watch."

"Did everyone believe that Jesus would come that day?" Mary asked.

"No, indeed," said mother. "Many people made fun of the Adventists—"

"Even then?" asked Ronnie.

Mother smiled. "Much more than they make fun of you, Ronnie. The Adventists today are a church that is well known. But the Adventists then did not have a church. They came from all churches, but they couldn't stay in their churches, because their own ministers and the other church people didn't want to hear about Christ's coming. All day the people waited, reading the Bible and praying and looking at the sky. When evening came they still watched hopefully. The

stars came out, and it became late. The little children could hardly stay awake to watch any longer, but the mothers and fathers watched until midnight or later.

“Jesus didn’t come. Early in the morning they went quietly home, more disappointed than they had ever been before in their lives. They couldn’t understand why Jesus hadn’t come. It was a trying time for the believers, and many of them decided not to be Adventists any more. Some began to make fun of the people who still believed.”

Ronnie frowned. “But, mamma, why didn’t Jesus come then? Did the prophecy really end on October 22, 1844?”

“Yes,” said mother. “The ministers and William Miller went over their studies again and again, and they found that the prophecy did end at that time.”

“Then why didn’t Jesus come?” Mary asked.

“Soon after the day when the Adventists had been disappointed,” said mother, “one of the men who had been studying was walking through a cornfield when he began to understand what happened on October 22. The man went home and studied about the sanctuary of the time of Moses. He, with other Bible students, found that the sanctuary to be cleansed was not the earth at all.”

“What was it?” asked Ronnie.

“The sanctuary was in heaven. When the 2300 years ended, Jesus went into what was called the ‘holy of

holies' in the sanctuary, and the judgment began."

"I know what the judgment is," said Ronnie. "That is when Jesus and God decide who will get to live in the new earth. The angels keep books that tell all about what we do and say and if we love Jesus, and in the judgment they open the books and decide who will be in the new earth."

"That's about the right idea," said mother. "And as the ministers studied about the sanctuary and the prophecies of Jesus' second advent, they learned that Christ would not come back to the earth until the judgment was finished."

"When did they become Seventh-day Adventists?" asked Mary. "You said that they preached on Sunday, not Sabbath."

"Tomorrow night I'll tell you about that," mother promised.

The Sabbath

CHAPTER 4

USUALLY on Wednesday evening, daddy told the story for worship, since the church was too far away for them to go to prayer meeting.

"I wonder if daddy will tell us the rest of the story mamma has started," Mary said to Ronnie as they finished doing the dishes after supper.

"Mamma hasn't said anything about it," said Ronnie. "How do you suppose the Adventists learned to keep the Sabbath, anyway?"

"I don't know," said Mary. "I—"

"You'll find out soon," mother said from the doorway.

"We're coming," said Ronnie, hanging up the dish towel. "Will daddy tell the story tonight?"

"Yes," said mother. "And I found another advent hymn for us to sing. This one is 'How Far From

Home?’ It’s also in *The Church Hymnal*, No. 665. This song was written by Annie R. Smith. She also wrote the other advent hymn we sang. Do you know what book we have on the shelf there by someone named Smith?”

Mary ran to the bookshelves, and Ronnie was right behind her. “Now which is it?” she whispered, puckering her face as she squinted at the titles.

“I see it,” said Ronnie, “*Daniel and the Revelation*, by Uriah Smith.”

“Annie Smith was his sister,” said mother. “She wrote many advent hymns. We’ll sing more of them later.”

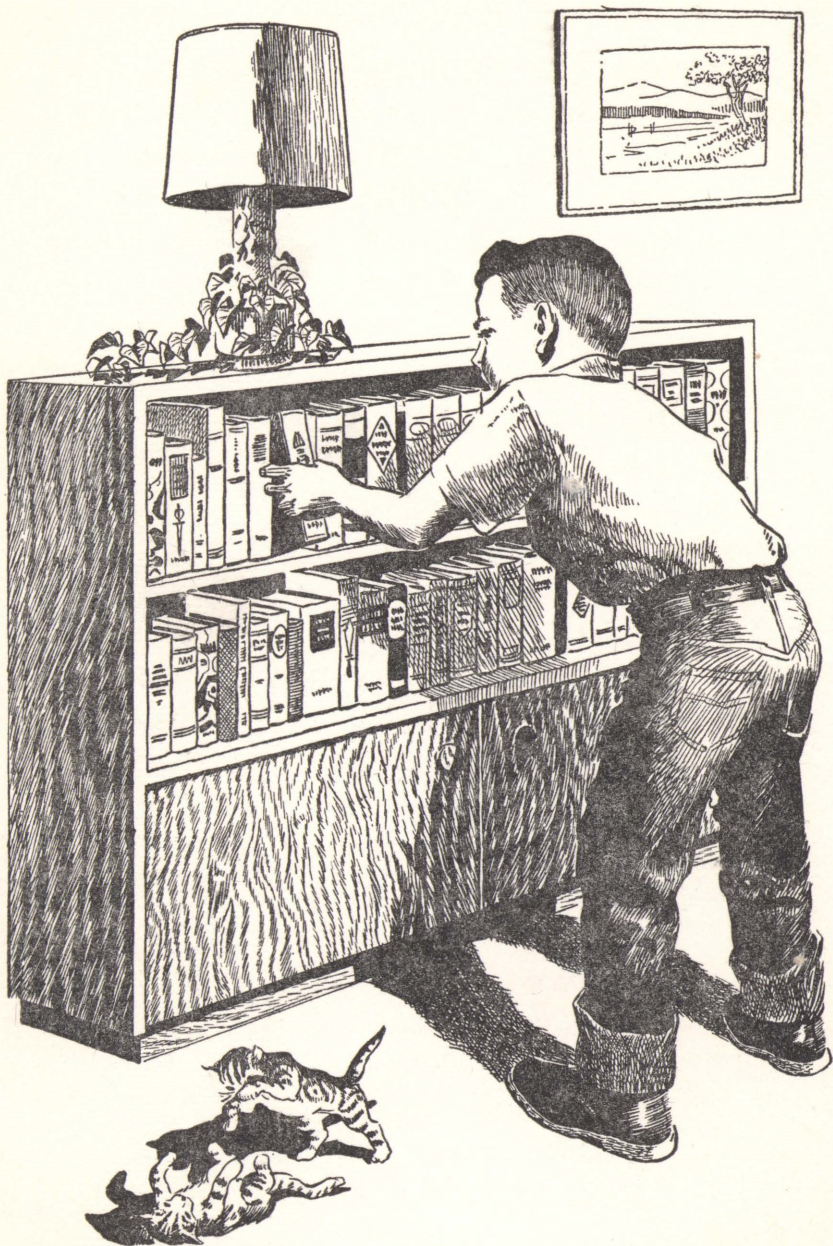
Mary liked the song. While she sang it she could almost see the watchman who was looking for Jesus to come.

After the song Mary and Ronnie looked at daddy and smiled. They liked to hear him tell stories.

“Last night Mary wanted to know how the early Adventists learned to keep the Sabbath,” daddy began. “So tonight I’ll tell you. You see, they came from churches that kept Sunday. They were so busy studying the prophecies about how Jesus would come, that they didn’t study the law of God. There was a group that kept the seventh-day Sabbath, and they were called the Seventh Day Baptist Church.”

“I never heard of it,” said Ronnie.

Daddy ran his hand through his bushy black hair.



"I've never seen a Seventh Day Baptist church, either, son, but I know there are some. There were several in New England in 1844. One of the members of the Seventh Day Baptist Church was Rachel Oakes. Her daughter became an Adventist before October 22, 1844. Mrs. Oakes went to visit her daughter in New Hampshire. I don't think she intended to become an Adventist, but it wasn't long before her daughter convinced her that Jesus would soon come again."

"So Mrs. Oakes was really the first Seventh-day Adventist," said Mary. "Because she kept the seventh day and believed Jesus would return soon."

Daddy smiled.

"It wasn't quite that simple," said mother.

"No," said daddy, "it wasn't. Mrs. Oakes kept the Sabbath, but she had a hard time convincing any of the other Adventists that it was important. Now, a retired sea captain named Joseph Bates studied the Bible references she used, and he, too, began to keep the Sabbath. He wrote tracts about the Sabbath, and soon other Adventists were keeping the Sabbath, too."

"Were they called Seventh-day Adventists?" asked Mary.

"No," said daddy, "not yet."

"But what did they call their church?" Ronnie asked.

"They didn't have a church," said daddy. "You remember we told you that the advent believers came

from many churches. Sometimes they stayed in their own churches as members and sometimes they had to leave their churches. Since the advent believers thought that Jesus would be coming right away in 1844, they didn't see any reason to have a church with regular ministers and buildings."

"But didn't they have ministers and meetings?" asked Mary.

"Yes," daddy said, "but they met in halls or in homes. Some of the people gave money to the ministers to help pay their expenses as they preached and printed tracts that told how Jesus would come soon."

"What did they do when Jesus didn't come in 1844?" Ronnie asked. "Did they make their own church?"

"They began to think about it," said daddy. "I'll tell you what they did. You'd better put another log on the fire first, though."

Our Church Name

CHAPTER 5

THE moon was shining brightly as Ronnie got another log from the porch and brought it back to the fireplace and put it on the fire. Ronnie sat down again, and daddy went on with his story about how the Adventists decided to have their own church.

“As I said,” daddy began, “they were thinking about having their own church. The ministers couldn’t spend their full time as preachers because they had to earn money to buy food for their families. The few offerings that were given them only helped them to travel from place to place where they preached. They had to work at farming and other jobs to earn their living. But as the advent believers studied the Bible they learned about tithing. What is tithing, Ronnie?”

"That's giving to God a tenth of all we earn," said Ronnie quickly. "It really belongs to God. He says that nine pennies of every ten are ours and the other one is His. That one is called 'the tithe.'"

Daddy smiled. "That's right. When the Adventists learned about tithing, and began to pay the tenth to God's work, there was more money for the ministers. For a number of years after 1844 there were little groups of Adventists, believing that Jesus was now the High Priest in the heavenly sanctuary; believing that He would come soon; and believing that the seventh day was the Sabbath. Finally the believers decided that they must form a church of their own."

"How many years was it, daddy?" asked Mary.

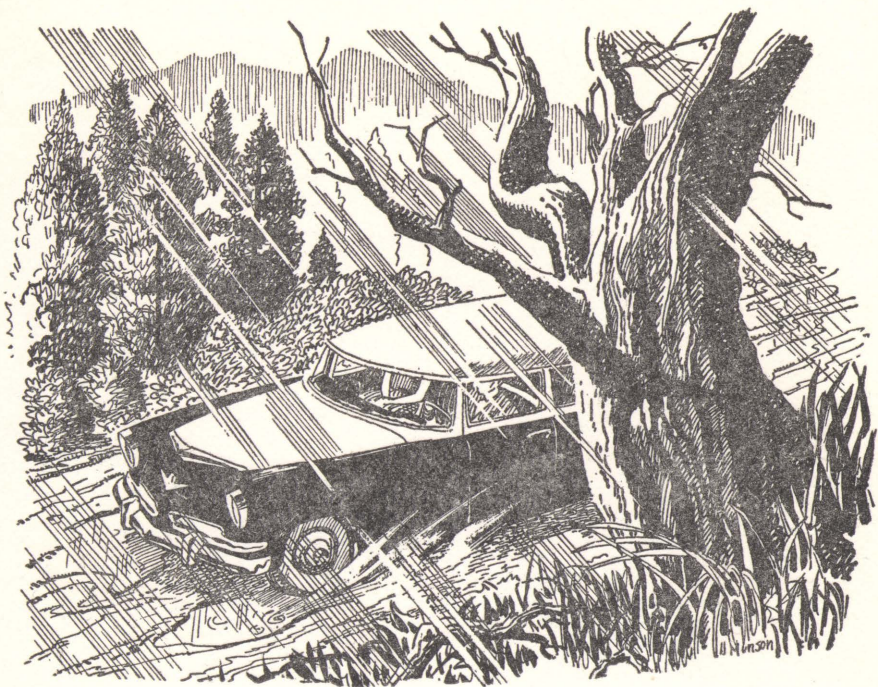
"It was in 1860, Mary," daddy said. "There were 3,500 Adventists then, and they decided that they would call their church 'Seventh-day Adventist.'"

"Only 3,500 members?" asked Ronnie. "Why, we have more than a hundred members in our church. They could have had only about thirty churches the size of ours."

"That's right," said daddy. "I don't think they had any churches as large as ours. But do you know how much our denomination has grown since then?"

Ronnie and Mary shook their heads.

"We have more than a million members now," said daddy. "Isn't it wonderful what God has done to spread the news of Christ's coming to the world?"



* * *

The rain beat against the windshield as Ronnie and Mary and mother and daddy drove slowly home from church. The ditches at the side of the road were full of water, and the newly plowed fields were muddy and covered with puddles.

Mary chewed her apple as she watched the big drops of water swished away to the sides of the windshield when the wiper swung across. "I'm glad you brought these apples, mamma," she said. "We'd have been hungry by the time we got home today."

Mother smiled. "I knew we would be hungry.

It takes us a long time to get home from church even on sunny days, but on rainy days it takes an extra long time."

Daddy turned off the main highway onto the county road. "I wouldn't be surprised to have another snowfall," he said. "It's getting cold."

Mary clapped her hands. "Goody! Then the school bus couldn't come, and we wouldn't have to go to school. We could make another snow man like the one we made in January!"

"The snow wouldn't last long," said mother, "if it snows at all."

Mary looked at Ronnie. "You haven't said a word for miles!" she said. "What in the world are you thinking about?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Ronnie, still looking out of the window. "I was thinking about what Brother Ellis read in church. He reads well, but I'd rather have Elder Atkins come. He tells some stories and doesn't read the whole sermon."

"That reminds me of something I wanted to ask," said Mary. "After Brother Ellis read each Bible verse he said, 'Now Mrs. White says,' and then he read something out of one of the books he had. Why did he do that? What did he mean by 'Mrs. White says'?"

"I think that is something interesting to talk about this afternoon," said daddy. "I'm sure we won't be going for our usual walk this Sabbath afternoon."

"No," Mary agreed solemnly, "we shouldn't go swimming or wading on Sabbath."

Mother laughed. "That's right, Mary. So we'll start the fire in the fireplace and take a walk through bookland."

Daddy parked the car as close to the back door as he could, and they all dashed inside. Mother and Mary put dinner on the table while Daddy and Ronnie dressed in raincoats and boots and went out to the barn to check on the animals.

Ellen White

CHAPTER 6

AFTER dinner, daddy and Ronnie built a fire of pine and juniper. Mary sat on the rug in front of the fireplace to watch the sparks. Daddy took several books from the bookshelves before he pulled his chair up to the fire.

"So you want to know about Mrs. White?" he said.

"Yes," Mary said. "Oh, of course I've heard people talk about her in Sabbath school before, but Brother Ellis seemed to say a lot about her this morning. Who is she? Where does she live? Why doesn't she come and talk to us herself? Why—"

"Wait a minute," said daddy, grinning. "Not so many questions at a time."

Ronnie and mother laughed, but Mary didn't see anything funny about it.

"In 1827 twin girls were born in Maine to the



Harmon family,” said daddy. “They were named Ellen and Elizabeth. They were ordinary girls, with older brothers and sisters. They grew, played, and went to school the way other girls do. But one day, when the girls were nine years old, they were walking home from school and another girl became angry and threw a rock at them. Ellen turned around as the girl threw the rock, and it hit her in the face. She was badly hurt and was in bed for a long time. She was able to go to school but little after that. She had

to study at home instead. She liked to go to Sunday school and church with her family, and a few years later she heard William Miller preach in her town. After the Harmon family had gone to several of his meetings, they decided that Mr. Miller was right in preaching that Jesus would come in 1844. Ellen especially was glad to know that Jesus would come soon, because she knew that Jesus would make her strong and healthy again."

"It was terrible for that girl to hurt Ellen," Mary declared. "But you still haven't told me about Mrs. White."

"One thing at a time," said daddy. "Ellen and her family were among the Adventists who watched on October 22, 1844, for Jesus to come. They were disappointed when He didn't come, but they still believed in the prophecies. They studied the Bible more than ever to try to find out why Jesus hadn't come. One day while Ellen was at a family worship hour in the home of a friend, God spoke right to her. Mamma is going to read you what she wrote about it."

Mother opened a book that was called *Early Writings*. "This is what Ellen wrote about what she saw. I'll read you part of it and tell the rest. 'I seemed to be rising higher and higher, far above the dark world. I turned to look for the advent people in the world, but could not find them, when a voice said to me, "Look again, and look a little higher." At this I

raised my eyes, and saw a straight and narrow path, cast up high above the world. On this path the advent people were traveling to the city, which was at the farther end of the path. They had a bright light set up behind them at the beginning of the path, which an angel told me was the midnight cry. This light shone all along the path, and gave light for their feet so that they might not stumble.' Then she tells about how the advent people went on this path to the Holy City." Mother closed the book.

"This is called 'a vision,' " said daddy. "The people were sure it was from God, and it made them glad. They knew from this vision that God had been leading them, even if they had been wrong in saying that Jesus would come in 1844. Ellen had other visions after that. Each vision helped the people to understand better what the Bible said and what God wanted them to do. When Ellen was eighteen, she and a young Adventist minister named James White were married."

Mary clapped her hands. "Now I see! Ellen was Mrs. White! Tell us more about her."

Daddy laughed. "Some other time, Mary. Now we must sing our sundown song and do the chores, for the Sabbath is over. Would you like to sing a hymn written by a man who heard Ellen tell about her vision of heaven? It's No. 305 in *The Church Hymnal*, and it starts, "We have heard from the bright, the

holy, land; we have heard, and our hearts are glad; for we were a lonely pilgrim band, and weary, and worn, and sad."

After the hymn, Ronnie got up and looked out the window. "Hey, daddy," he said, "it's even snowing! Maybe tomorrow Mary and I can make a snow man, if this keeps up."

Ronnie Finds Out About Missionaries

CHAPTER 7

THE late snowfall lasted long enough for Mary and Ronnie to make their snow man. After the snow, spring came quickly. The grass grew green and tall in the pasture, and the potatoes shot up dark green leaves in the fields.

Mary and Ronnie began to count the days until school would be out. "Only seven weeks now," Mary reported one evening. "My, I can hardly wait. Do you suppose we'll start on our trip the day after school ends?"

"Oh, I don't suppose so," said Ronnie. "Daddy said, 'Sometime in June,' though. He wants to get back before he has any harvesting to do."

They went into the kitchen and began stacking the dishes. They were beginning to wash and dry them when mother came in with an armload of clothes.

"What are you going to do with those?" Mary asked. "That dress on top doesn't fit me—it's too small."

Mother smiled. "The Dorcas society is filling a box of clothing for some poor folks whose house burned down. These clothes are still good, but you two have outgrown them. They should fit the children in that family."

"Oh, that reminds me of something I wanted to ask," said Ronnie. "Bill was telling us today that a missionary from India came to their church last Sunday. He was collecting money to help in his mission work. Bill asked if any missionaries came to our church, and I told him I hadn't seen any."

"Bill said that our church was too little to have any missionaries," Mary interrupted.

Ronnie frowned. "I'm telling this," he said. "Anyway, Bill said that only big churches could send out missionaries, because little ones like ours wouldn't have enough money to send a missionary. We have missionaries, don't we? And our Sabbath-school offerings help to pay the missionaries, don't they?"

"You are right, Ronnie," mother said, picking up a dish towel and helping to dry the dishes. "Our church has many missionaries all over the world. We pay our missionaries by a different method from what Bill's church does. Our Sabbath-school offerings from all our churches go to our church headquarters

in Washington, D.C. Then each missionary's pay is sent to him from there. That way no missionary has to spend time trying to get money from a church. He can spend all his time in missionary work."

"Mamma, when did our denomination first have missionaries?" asked Mary. "Why doesn't a missionary visit our church the way a missionary visited Bill's church?"

"Maybe someday you will get to see a missionary—on our trip this summer perhaps. Our church is small, and not close to any other churches, so not many missionaries come this way. Now, about the first missionary. Would you like to have for worship tonight a story about our first Seventh-day Adventist missionary?"

"Oh, yes," said Mary. "Can you tell us that story?" She hung the dishpan under the sink and dried her hands.

"Let's come into the living room," said mother. "Daddy will be in soon. There is a lovely song written by Annie Smith that has a verse about our first missionary. We'll look it up."

Ronnie got *The Church Hymnal*. Daddy came into the house and called a cheery "I'll be there as soon as I wash up."

"Look up No. 371," said mother. "I'll tell you a little about this song while daddy is getting ready."

Mary found the page first, and they both read the



words while mother played and sang the song.

“Annie Smith wrote this about three of our early Adventist ministers,” mother explained. “The first

stanza tells about Joseph Bates. The second tells about Elder James White. And now look at the third stanza:

“And there was one who left behind
The cherished friends of early years,
And honor, pleasure, wealth resigned,
To tread the path bedewed with tears.
Through trials deep and conflicts sore,
Yet still a smile of joy he wore;
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
‘O this!’ said he—‘the blessed hope.’

“That verse is about our first foreign missionary—John N. Andrews,” mother said.

Daddy came into the living room as mother finished reading the stanza. He smiled. “I think I can guess what our worship story will be tonight,” he said.

Mary laughed. “It’s going to be about our first foreign missionary.”

“And now we know his name,” said Ronnie. “It’s John N. Andrews.”

Our First Missionary

CHAPTER 8

MARY and Ronnie sang the song about the three pioneer Adventist ministers. Mother sat down in her favorite rocking chair and began:

“Our first foreign missionary, John Andrews, was sixteen years old in 1844. He had studied the Bible a great deal, for a boy; and the next year, when he was seventeen, he and his family began to keep the Sabbath. By the time he was twenty-one he was preaching. He had intended to be a lawyer, but he became a minister instead. He was a good minister, and the people liked to hear him preach. He was also a good writer and helped plan and write the *Review and Herald*. He also wrote a book called *The History of the Sabbath and the First Day of the Week*. Later on he became the third president of the General Conference after the Seventh-day Adventist Church was organized.”

“When did he become a foreign missionary?” Mary asked.

“The Seventh-day Adventist Church was so small and poor at first it didn’t have any time to think about foreign missionaries. Missionaries to the South, and to California—”

“What!” exclaimed Ronnie. “You mean they sent missionaries here to California?”

“Yes,” said mother. “And they also printed some Adventist papers in foreign languages and sent them across the ocean to Europe. Before long there were people in Europe who wanted to know more about the Seventh-day Adventist message. They wrote to the General Conference and asked for a minister—a missionary. That was in 1869.”

“That sounds like a long time to you,” said father, “but do you know that your great-grandma was three years old then, and she is still living? So it really wasn’t so long ago, after all.”

“The General Conference men knew that they must send one of their best ministers to be the first foreign missionary. Elder James White was the president of the General Conference then. He and the other leaders of the General Conference decided that John Andrews was the one who could do the work best. So they asked him to go. Elder Andrews was forty-five years old, and he took his son and daughter with him, but his wife had died. They sailed from



Boston in September of 1874 and arrived in Switzerland in October.

"I wish I could have seen his girl and boy go on the boat," said Mary.

"I thought missionaries only went to places where people worshiped idols," said Ronnie. "The people in Europe don't worship idols. What did Elder Andrews do there?"

"It is true they didn't worship idols," said mother. "But they did not know about the Sabbath, or the second coming of Jesus. They needed a missionary to teach them these things. Elder Andrews had to learn to speak French; but it didn't take him long, for he studied hard. One of the first things he did was to call a conference of the few Adventists in Europe. Soon Elder Andrews published an Adventist magazine in French. Before long Adventist papers were published in other languages, and in the next nine years Elder Andrews preached in almost every country of Europe. While Elder Andrews preached and wrote the message, he became ill with tuberculosis, and so did his daughter Mary—"

"She had the same name I do," said Mary.

"Yes," said mother. "Her name was Mary. She helped her father in his work, and I suppose she had to cook and keep house. Mary died when she was only seventeen years old. Elder Andrews lived about five years longer, still working hard, even though he

was sick. Before he died he was able to see how the Seventh-day Adventist Church had grown in Europe. It was during a meeting of the ministers in Europe that John Andrews died."

Mary sighed. "Thank you for telling us, mamma. I wish I could have seen Elder Andrews and his daughter Mary. Could we sing that song again—the stanza about Elder Andrews? I'm going to memorize it."

She looked up No. 371 in *The Church Hymnal* and read the third stanza.

The Surprise Trip

CHAPTER 9

MARY was so excited she could hardly eat her breakfast. "We're really starting on our trip today," she said.

"I knew anyway," said Ronnie, "and you've said that ten times already this morning, and fifty times—"

"Sh-h," said mother, smiling at Mary. "I don't want you to fuss about it. Mary is so excited she can't think of anything else, Ronnie. Finish eating so that I can wash those dishes. Daddy is ready to go. Andy Wells is here to check over everything he will do with the stock and crops while we're away."

Ronnie gobbled down the last of his toast and dashed out the door. Mary finished her oatmeal and stacked the breakfast dishes, and then dried them for mother.

A little later the family waved good-by to Andy,



who would stay on the farm while they were gone. Their big collie Waggy stood on the porch as the car drove away, and Mary waved to the dog.

"What will we see on the way to grandma's?" Mary asked. "You said there would be a surprise."

Daddy grinned. "You have been interested in the stories mamma has been telling you about our church and how it began. So mamma and I decided that we should stop at some of the places where you can see our church work. We are going to visit Elmshaven,

the last home of Mrs. White. We will visit Pacific Union College and the Saint Helena Sanitarium, too. You will be able to see some of our medical and educational work."

"This will be fun," said Mary, clapping her hands. "Where else will we go?"

"A friend of ours, that mamma and I knew in school, is sailing from San Francisco as a missionary," said daddy. "We are going to see him and his family off."

"You mean we are going to see the Golden Gate and the big ships? And we'll see the missionaries get on the ship?" Ronnie asked excitedly. "Can we do that?"

Mother laughed. "I think Mary isn't the only one in this family who is getting excited!"

Ronnie blushed. "Will we, daddy?"

"Yes, Ronnie. We'll see the ships, and we'll drive across the Golden Gate Bridge, too. Then we will visit the Pacific Press so that you can see how our church papers and books are printed."

"And see the big machines?" Ronnie asked.

"Printing presses," said daddy. "Then when we get to southern California, we will visit the College of Medical Evangelists and The Voice of Prophecy."

"You mean the place where the radio programs are prepared?" Mary asked.

"That's right," said daddy. "Perhaps we'll drive

by the White Memorial Hospital. That was named after Mrs. White. It is part of the College of Medical Evangelists. We might have time to see La Sierra College. Then grandma's house won't be many more hours of driving from there."

"How long will it take for us to get to Elmshaven?" Ronnie asked. "Where is it?"

"I don't plan to break any speed records," daddy said, passing a logging truck. "Though I don't plan to stay behind these slow trucks, either. We won't get to Elmshaven tonight. We'll probably stop at Clear Lake this evening and go on to Elmshaven in the morning. Would you like to find Elmshaven on this road map?"

Mother handed the road map back to Ronnie and Mary. "Elmshaven is at Saint Helena," she said. "You'll find Saint Helena on the map. Look about halfway between Clear Lake and San Francisco Bay."

Ronnie spread the map out on his lap, and Mary leaned over it with him. "Here's San Francisco Bay," she said, pointing to it.

"And here's Clear Lake," said Ronnie. He ran his finger down the highways that went south from Clear Lake. "I found it," he said. "Is Pacific Union College at Saint Helena, too?"

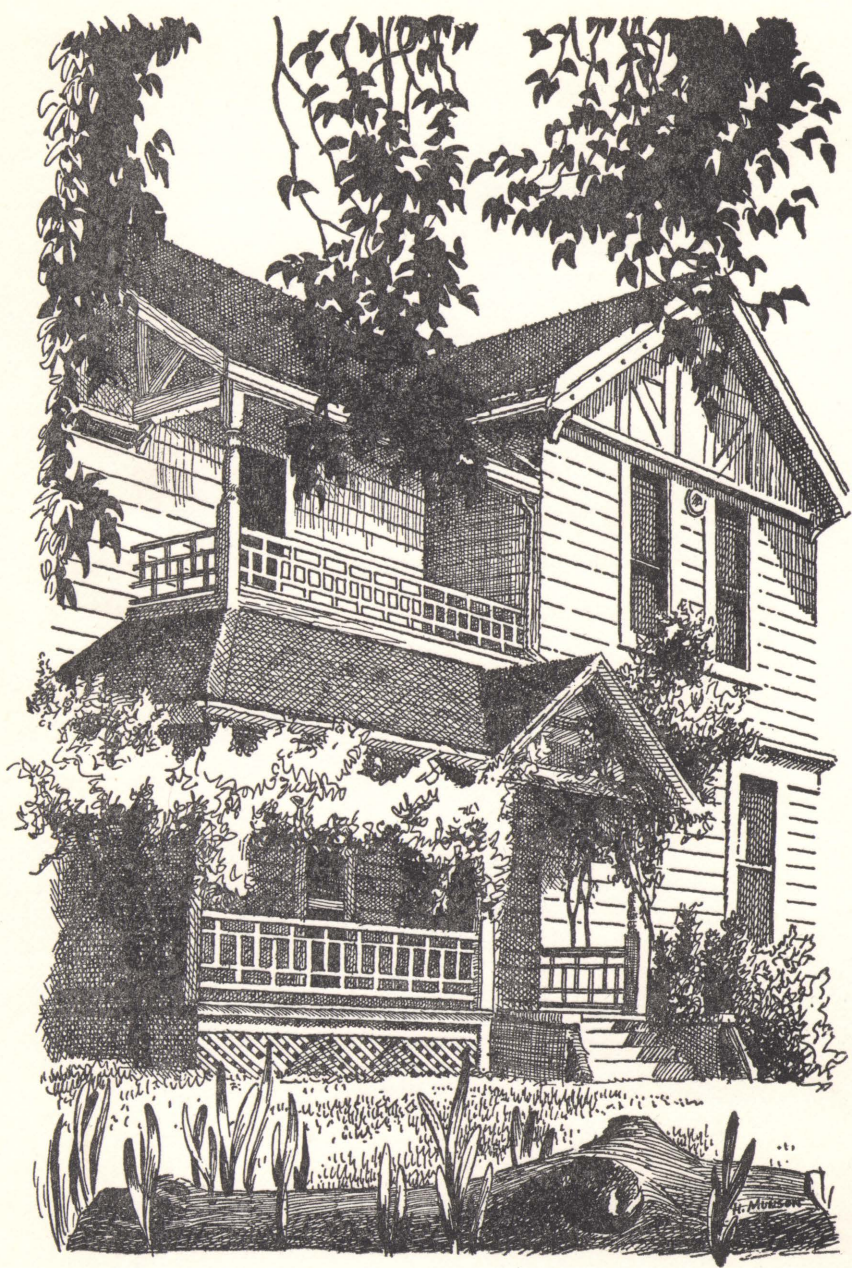
"It's up on the mountain nearby, at Angwin," said daddy. "Do you find Angwin on the map?"

"Here it is," said Ronnie. "See it, Mary?"

Mary nodded.

"You keep that map," said daddy. "You can see where we will be going."

"This is going to be a wonderful trip," said Mary. "You really did have a surprise."



Elmshaven

CHAPTER 10

MARY bounced happily on the back seat after the family left the motel at Clear Lake and drove south along highway 53. "It's pretty here," she said as they got closer to Saint Helena. "I like the mountains and the trees."

"I like the farms," said Ronnie. "Are those vineyards, daddy?"

"That's right," said daddy. "They are good-looking farms."

"Here's where we turn," said mother as they reached the edge of Saint Helena.

Daddy turned left off the highway, and soon they were heading toward the hills.

"I see the sign!" Ronnie exclaimed. "Elmshaven! Isn't that the name of Mrs. White's home, mamma?"

"It is," said mother.

Daddy turned onto the narrow road, and in a few

minutes they came to the entrance of Elmshaven.

"Here we are," Mary whispered. "My, it's a big house, isn't it?"

"It was built long ago," said mother. "Farmhouses were built large then."

They walked up the graveled path and stopped under the tall cedar tree to read a plaque.

"This says Mrs. White planted this tree," said Mary. She stood back to look at its top. "It's a big tree now. She must have planted it a long time ago."

Ronnie read the rest of the plaque. "'There the widespreading plains swell into hills of beauty and the mountains of God rear their lofty summits. On these peaceful plains, beside those living streams, God's people, so long pilgrims and strangers, shall find a home.' Did Mrs. White write that, daddy?"

"Yes," daddy said. "That is from her book *The Great Controversy*. It is speaking of the new earth. Let's go into the house now."

They went up the steps to the porch, and a guide met them. After daddy had put their names in the guest book, the guide took them upstairs.

"Isn't the colored-glass window pretty?" Mary whispered to Ronnie as they climbed the steep stairway.

Ronnie nodded.

The guide took them first into Mrs. White's bedroom. It had old-fashioned furniture in it, plain and

neat. Mary looked out the windows while the guide told them about Mrs. White.

"Here is the room where the angel stood when he talked with Sister White during her visions," the guide said.

Mary imagined a tall, shining angel was standing there, telling Mrs. White about the new earth.

Then they went down the hall to the room where Mrs. White had done her writing. Mary looked curiously at the kerosene lamps, the roll-top desk, the rocking chair, and the writing board that fitted on the arms of a chair.

"Mrs. White wrote many books here in this room," the guide said. "She lived in this house the last fifteen years of her life. Early in the morning, often at two or three o'clock, she would get up and come in here to write. She would write until breakfast time. After breakfast her secretary would take Mrs. White's writing to the office to copy." He pointed out the window to another building.

"I think it is wonderful that Mrs. White should have had such a nice home for her last years," said mother. "She spent most of her life traveling and working hard for the church."

The guide smiled as he pointed to the books on the table. "She worked hard here, too. All of these nine books in this room she wrote after she was seventy-five years old."

Ronnie and Mary went down the stairs, looking through the colored-glass window on their way. They walked around the yard a few minutes and then went to the car.

"I'm glad we came here," said Mary. "Now I can feel that Mrs. White was a real person."

"I do, too," said Ronnie. "Look, Mary. Those buildings up on the hill must be the Saint Helena Sanitarium. We're going there next."

The White Family

CHAPTER II

DADDY drove up the winding road toward the Saint Helena Sanitarium. Mary looked back toward Elmshaven several times. "Mamma," she said, "did Mrs. White have a family? I mean, did she have any children? Did they live in that house?"

"Yes," said mother. "She had children. I told you how she and James White were married. They were very poor, for they had to use their own money to go to the places where they preached. Their first home was an upstairs room, and they had to borrow the furniture for it. They didn't even have that much of a home until their first boy was about three months old."

"It must have been hard for Mrs. White to live like that," said Mary. "Didn't they have a house of their own soon?"

Mother shook her head. "No, Mary, they didn't. They knew they should be out preaching, but they didn't have any money to go to the places where the people were. That was before the ministers got paid, you will recall."

"It was before we had a Seventh-day Adventist Church, wasn't it?" asked Ronnie.

"That's right," said mother. "Anyway, the Whites' baby became sick, so sick that they were afraid he would die. Mrs. White was sure that the sickness had come because they had refused to go out to preach. She had said she couldn't visit the churches when she had a young baby. She promised the Lord that if He would heal the baby, they would travel and preach again. When the baby was well they left this borrowed home and visited towns where the people wanted to hear the advent message. When the baby was ten months old, they left him with a good Christian lady."

"I'm glad you never had to do that with us," said Mary.

"Mrs. White didn't like to have to leave her baby," said mother; "but she knew she was doing God's work."

"Traveling wasn't as easy then as it is now," said daddy.

"Mrs. White didn't have a car, did she?" asked Ronnie. "She was too poor."

Daddy laughed. "No one had a car then, son.

Automobiles hadn't been invented. People rode in wagons or carriages, or on trains or boats. The trains and boats weren't as fast and comfortable as the ones we have today, I can assure you."

"No wonder Mrs. White left her baby with the lady," said Mary. "Did she have any little girls, mamma?"

"No," said mother. "She had three other boys, but no girls. The eldest boy was several years old before the Whites really had a home of their own—a big house in Rochester, New York. But it wasn't all for a home. It was also a publishing house where some of our first church papers were published. Besides that, the people who helped them with the printing of the papers also lived in the house. But Mrs. White was happy to be able to have her children with her again.

"Ten years after Elder James White died, Mrs. White went to Australia to help the church there. Her children were grown by that time, and one of them went with her to Australia. She lived there for several years and helped to start new churches. She had a vision that showed where the missionary college in Australia was to be built."

"Tell us about it," said Ronnie.

"The ministers had been looking for a good place to build the college," said mother. "They wanted a big farm at the school, and as much land as they could



get. Finally they found a place that they thought would be good. But a government official tested the soil and said that because it was sour they would not be able to grow any crops on the land until they had added a great deal of lime to it. He said the expense would be greater than the land was worth. They had about decided not to buy it, when the Lord showed Mrs. White in a vision that this was the right place. Then the ministers didn't know what to do. The official was supposed to know about soils and crops, but the vision had said that crops would grow on the soil. The leaders prayed a long time, and then bought the land."

"Who was right?" Ronnie interrupted, leaning over the front seat. "Was it the government man or the vision?"

Mother smiled. "The vision was right. The college has one of the best farms in the country. After Mrs. White came back to this country from Australia, she bought this home that we have just visited. She lived there until she died in 1915. She was buried back in Michigan beside her husband, Elder James White."

"You finished your story just in time," said daddy, parking the car in front of the sanitarium. "Now you can begin another story about how our church started sanitariums," he added.

Our Church Sanitariums

CHAPTER 12

RONNIE and Mary jumped out of the car. Ronnie raced across the parking area to the railing at the edge. "I like it here, dad!" he said. "Let's walk around a while before we go inside to see the hospital."

Daddy grinned. "I think that is a good idea. You've had to keep rather quiet ever since we started out this morning. We'll walk across the front of the sanitarium, up the hill, and then down on this other end. After that we can go inside. Or if you and Mary don't want to go inside, you can wait out here or climb the hill again while mamma and I see an old friend who works here."

"I think I'll stay outside," said Ronnie, dashing after a lizard that ran across the walk.

"This is an old-fashioned building," said Mary in a whisper.



"Why be so quiet?" Ronnie asked.

"Because it's a hospital," said Mary. "There are sick people."

"She's right, Ronnie," said mother. "We should talk quietly. We don't need to whisper, though."

"Why does our church have sanitariums?" Ronnie asked. "This place is far from where lots of people live. What good is it to have hospitals out in the country?"

"Mrs. White received God's message as to how our church should teach health," said mother. "You know that most churches teach religion, but not much about health. Our church followed the new teaching slowly. People don't like to change what they have always done. But they learned to eat healthfully, to leave tobacco and liquor and tea and coffee alone, and to use water, and——"

Ronnie laughed. "What do you mean by 'use water,' mamma?"

"I know that sounds funny," said mamma. "You see, people at the time our church was started did not take baths often the way we do. In fact, children often didn't take baths all winter. Their mothers sewed their underclothes up instead of buttoning them, and they wore them through the cold months."

Mary giggled.

"That was to keep them from catching cold," mother explained, smiling. "Of course, it didn't. They

were more likely to catch colds and get other sicknesses. But Mrs. White was instructed that water should be used more often, even to treat sick people. Doctors then didn't know as much about sickness as they do now, and they sometimes gave people harmful drugs that were worse than the sickness. And they shut the fresh air away from people, too, and wouldn't let them drink much water when they were sick. A few doctors had begun to treat sickness with water treatments and fresh air and good food. Elder White was taken to a place that gave treatments like this. The doctors in the place where Elder White went did not consider religion a helpful influence in a person's recovery from illness. But Mrs. White knew that people get well faster if they trust in God."

"Of course," said Mary.

"Mrs. White knew that our church should have treatment places of its own," said mother, "but it was 1866 before our church started its first one. It was called the Western Health Reform Institute, located in Battle Creek, Michigan."

"Was it a big place, like this sanitarium?" asked Mary, as they looked down on the buildings from the hill.

"No," said mother. "It was only a large house with other rooms added. The doctors treated the patients by hydrotherapy—that was the name of the water treatments. The Health Reform Institute started out

as a small place, but it grew. Twelve years later it was rebuilt and named the Battle Creek Medical and Surgical Sanitarium. It was the first of our church sanitariums."

"When was this sanitarium built?" Mary asked.

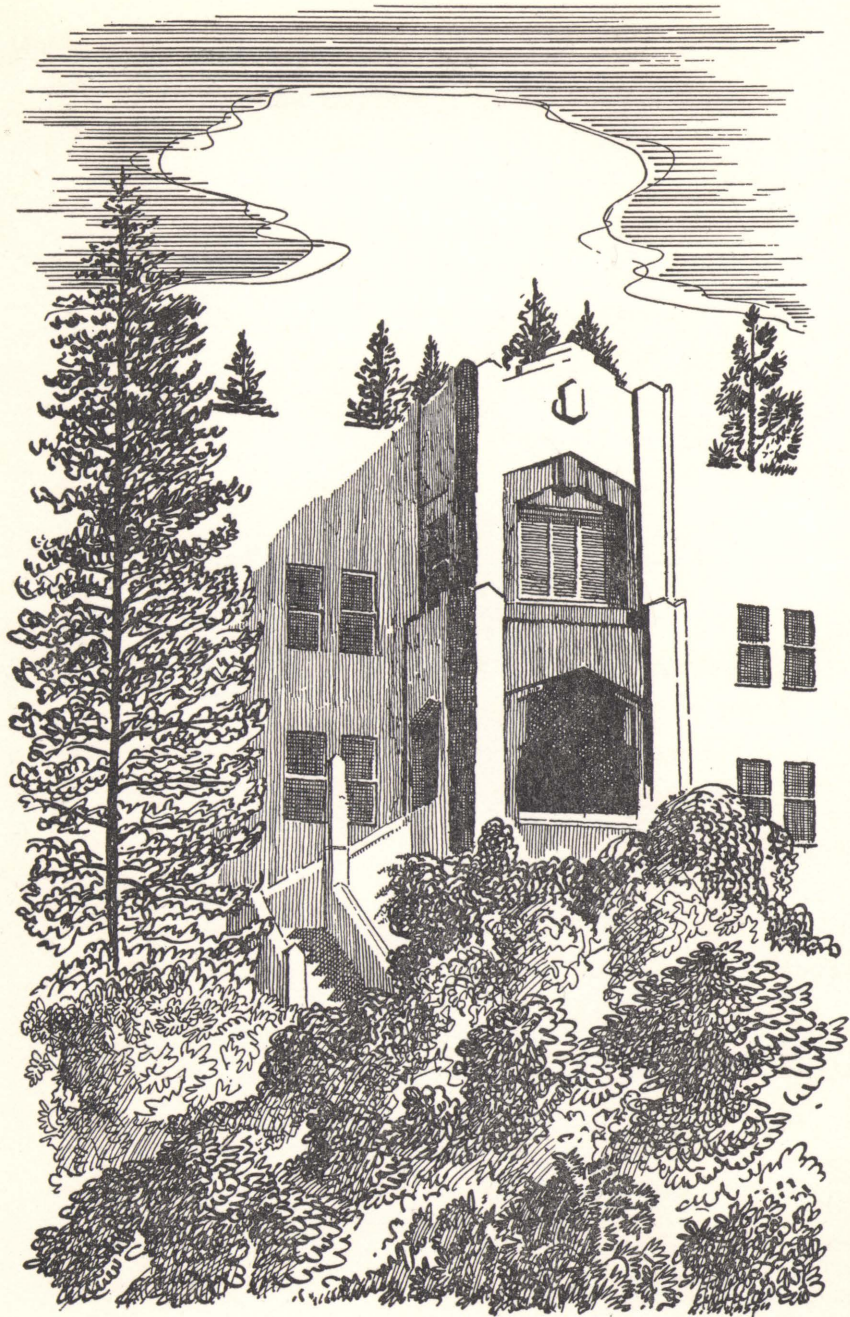
"Saint Helena Sanitarium was built in 1878, the same year the Battle Creek Sanitarium was rebuilt," said mother. "One of our early ministers, Merritt G. Kellogg, who was also a doctor, started it. He had learned how to give hydrotherapy treatments at a medical school in the East. He helped the wife of a rancher here at Saint Helena to get well with his hydrotherapy treatments. The rancher, Mr. Pratt, asked him to come to see if this wouldn't be a good place for a sanitarium. When Dr. Kellogg saw the land, with a good spring on it, he knew it would be an ideal spot. He built a sanitarium and called it the Rural Health Retreat. Later it was named Saint Helena Sanitarium. It is the oldest of our church sanitariums now."

The family had circled around to the front of the buildings again. Ronnie looked from one part to the other. "It is both old and new," he said. "See, on the left side it is old-fashioned, with many porches like the old farmhouses. But on the right side it is a new hospital."

"I think I want to go inside after all," said Mary. "Hydrotherapy." She tried the big word carefully.

“Water treatments. Do you suppose the nurses would show us where they give hydrotherapy treatments? I’d like to see.”

“Yes, I think so,” said mother. “By the way, don’t forget that diet treatments, or the choice of healthful food, was also important in the work of our early hospitals.”



Our Church Colleges

CHAPTER 13

DADDY turned the car up the hill after he had driven away from the parking space in front of the Saint Helena Sanitarium.

"Where are we going, daddy?" Mary asked. "We came from the other direction."

"We're going to college," Ronnie said. "I heard daddy tell mamma so."

Daddy laughed. "Well, we aren't exactly going to college, Ronnie; but we are going to see a college—Pacific Union College."

"Why is it 'way up here on this mountain?" Mary asked. She looked around at the hills to see where there could be enough people to need a school. "Why don't they have a college where there are lots of people? Why don't they have it in a city?"

"That's a good question, Mary," daddy said.

"Mamma, why don't you tell them why our church has its colleges in the country?"

"All right," said mother. "I think I can tell you something about it before we get to Pacific Union College."

Mary leaned on her arms on the back of the front seat to listen. Ronnie settled back and looked out the window, but he also listened to his mother.

"Soon after our church started its first sanitarium in Battle Creek," mother said, "Mrs. White began telling the leaders that we should have a college. Of course the leaders thought so, too, because our church needed its own college to teach young men to be ministers. The college should be in the country, for the students could learn how to farm and how to work with their hands, as well as learn how to study. But the leaders of our church didn't see any sense in putting the college out in the country. They wanted it in town where the people were. So they bought some land in Battle Creek, across the street from the sanitarium. Here they built a college. But they didn't teach farming or woodwork or any other kind of work. They taught history and Greek and Latin and English. That was all right, but it wasn't enough. Mrs. White was sad when they built the school."

"But why didn't they listen to her?" Mary asked.

"I suppose they didn't see how important it was.

The school had trouble right from the beginning. It had plenty of students, but having the town so close made it hard for them to follow the teachings of the church. Finally the school had to close because the leaders couldn't agree on how to teach."

"That was too bad," said Ronnie. "Didn't they ever start again?"

"Yes," said mother, "the college began again. It was only closed a year; but when it started again, the teachers tried to follow what Mrs. White told them. They couldn't teach farming, because they didn't have a school farm. But they did teach other kinds of work. Later the college was moved to Berrien Springs, Michigan, out in the country. It is still there. We call it Emmanuel Missionary College."

"Does it have a farm now?" Ronnie asked.

"Oh, yes," said mother. "It certainly does. But, you know, during the year that the old Battle Creek College was closed, the church started two other colleges. This college that we will see—Pacific Union College—was one of them. The other, called Atlantic Union College, was on the Atlantic Coast.

"Does Pacific Union College have old buildings?" asked Mary.

"Not very old," said mother. "You see, at the beginning it wasn't built up here on this mountain. It was first built at Healdsburg, some thirty-five miles west from here, in a valley. And right from the

start the president of the college tried to follow everything Mrs. White had said the college should do."

"But why did they move the college up here?" Ronnie asked. "I still think it would have been better in the valley."

"They needed more room because the college kept growing," mother explained.

"The school has a valley of its own up here," said daddy. "You'll see it soon."

They had come to the top of the mountain road, and now they began to go down a bit. Mary looked at the houses among the trees. "This is a pretty place," she said. "I think it is a good place for a college."

"Look," said Ronnie. "Those must be the college buildings over there."

Mary clapped her hands. "I'd like to go to school here," she said. "Someday I'm going to. I'm glad Mrs. White told the leaders of the church to build the colleges in the country."

The Missionary Ship

CHAPTER 14

DADDY, I see the bridge!" Ronnie shrieked, almost falling over into the front seat. "It's the Golden Gate Bridge! I know it is, 'cause I've seen it in pictures!"

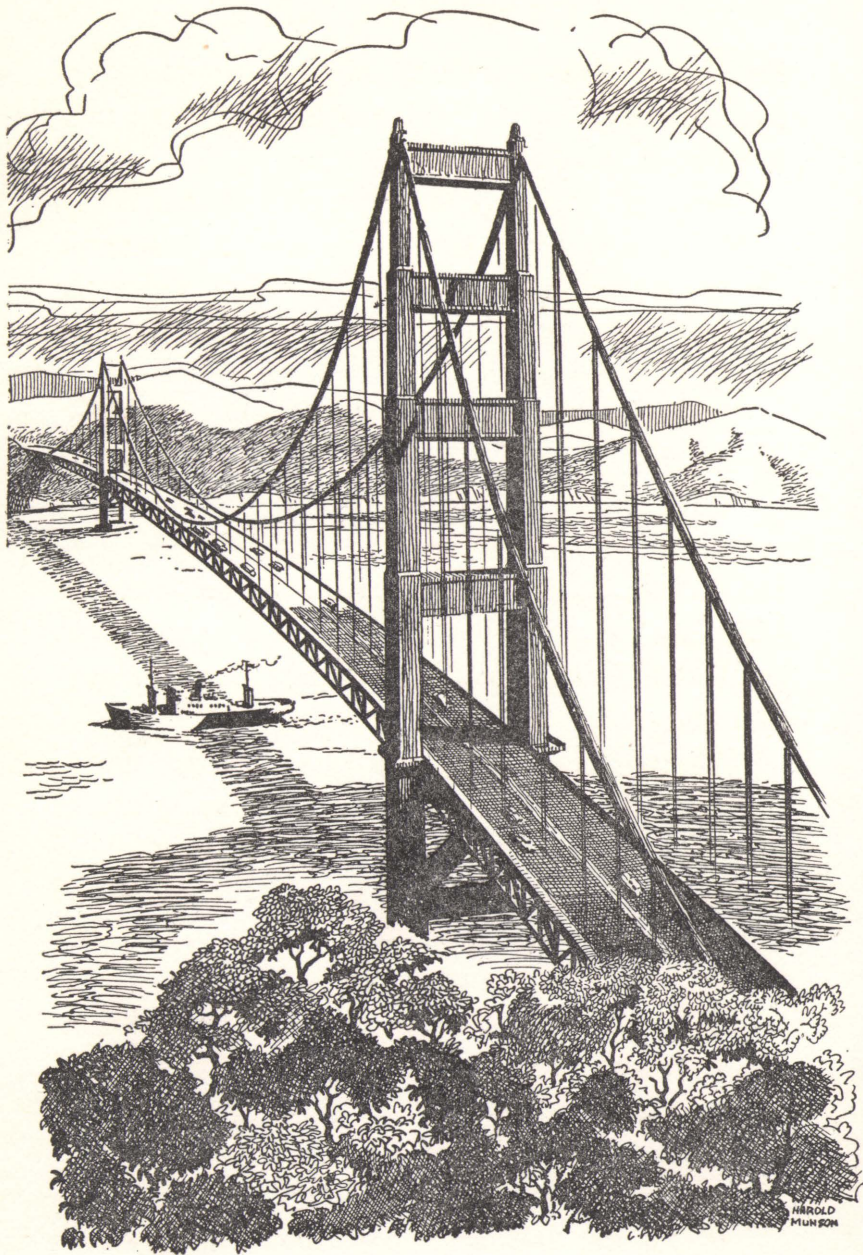
"Where? Where?" Mary asked excitedly.

Ronnie pointed to the tall orange-red towers of the bridge showing over the hills ahead of them on highway 101.

Mary bounced on the seat. "How soon will we be there, daddy? How soon?"

Daddy laughed. "It won't be long now. Sit still for a few minutes and watch."

Ronnie and Mary were quiet as the car sped along the wide highway, but they were sitting on the edge of the seat watching for another glimpse of the bridge and the first view of the Golden Gate and the ocean.



HAROLD
MUNSON

Finally they came over the last hill that separated them from the bay, and the bridge stood bright and clear in front of them.

"No fog," mother said. "I'm glad of that."

Mary couldn't say a word. This was too wonderful. It was the first time she had seen the huge bridge, the Golden Gate, and the crowded city of San Francisco on the hills beyond the bay.

"Daddy, a ship's going under the bridge!" Ronnie shouted.

"I'm right here, son," daddy said.

"I'm sorry," Ronnie said more quietly. "I suppose I'm excited. But, look, daddy, it's a real ocean liner—a big one."

"I wish I could see a big boat like that up close," said Mary.

"This is a long bridge," said Ronnie, as they neared the center. "See how big the cables are, Mary. I thought they were little ropes, but they aren't. They are larger than we are." He opened the window and stuck his head out. "I see the top of the ship. The people on it look like bugs."

"Did you know that the first mission ship our church owned sailed through the Golden Gate?" mother asked.

"Did it?" asked Mary. "Was it like that boat? What was its name?"

"It was the 'Pitcairn,'" said mother. "It wasn't

like that big ocean liner; it was a sailing boat.”

Daddy stopped to pay the bridge toll, then drove on toward the city.

“Tell us about the ‘Pitcairn,’ mamma,” said Mary. “Is it a good story?”

“Oh, yes,” mother said. “Out in the Pacific Ocean there is a tiny island named Pitcairn. The people on it are descendants of men who mutinied on a British ship called the ‘Bounty.’ Pitcairn is far away from other islands, but in 1886 an Adventist named John Tay went there for five weeks. When he left the island, every person on it believed in the Adventist Church.”

“Every person?” asked Ronnie. “Everyone?”

Mother laughed. “That’s right. Mr. Tay came back to the United States and told the church members about it. He finally persuaded them that the church needed a ship of some kind to take missionaries to Pitcairn and other islands in the South Seas. Regular ocean ships didn’t go often to those islands. Do you know what it was that finally persuaded the General Conference to build the ship?”

Ronnie and Mary shook their heads.

“It was the Sabbath schools,” said mother. “The people decided to give Sabbath-school offerings to pay to build the ship. The ship cost about \$12,000. It was built near Oakland—that’s across the bay from San Francisco.” Mother pointed out the direction where

Oakland was, and then in the direction of the place where the "Pitcairn" had been built.

"How big was the ship?" Ronnie asked. "How many people went on it?"

"The 'Pitcairn' was a beautiful sailboat known as a schooner," said mother. "It had two masts for the sails. The first time it sailed it carried thirteen persons. I think eight of those were the crew of the ship and the others were missionaries."

"When did it sail?" Ronnie asked.

Mother looked at daddy. "Do you remember?" she asked.

"In the fall of 1890, I think," daddy said. "I remember reading that it took a little more than a month for the ship to sail to the island of Pitcairn."

"That's a long time," said Ronnie. "Where is the island of Pitcairn?"

"About four thousand miles south and a little west of San Francisco," said daddy. "It isn't a big island—only two square miles, and—"

"Only two square miles!" said Ronnie. "How did the ship ever find it in the big ocean?"

Daddy laughed. "That is a good question, Ronnie. Captains of ships know how to find where they are going. But Pitcairn is small, and only about a hundred and fifty people live there. When the missionaries on the 'Pitcairn' stopped there to teach the people, they soon baptized eighty-two. Don't you think that the

people who had given their Sabbath-school offerings were happy to hear that?"

Mary nodded. "I wish I could have helped to pay for the 'Pitcairn.' "

"You have helped to pay for other mission ships," said mother.

"I didn't know that," said Mary.

"Not long ago," said daddy, "our Thirteenth Sabbath Offering went to pay for a mission boat."

Suddenly Ronnie spoke up excitedly. "Daddy, what are you stopping here for? Are we really going to see a big ocean liner? I see the top of one over that building." Ronnie bounced excitedly on the seat.

"Indeed we are," said daddy. "Don't you remember that surprise mamma and I said we had for you? This afternoon some friends of ours are sailing for the mission field. We're going to see them off."

Ronnie and Mary looked at each other, too excited to say anything.

Our First Printing Press

CHAPTER 15

MARY waved again and again to her new missionary friends as the ship slowly moved away from the pier. "Wasn't it fun to go on the ship with our friends, Ronnie?"

Ronnie was too busy watching the ship edge out into the harbor to answer. When it was out of sight, he sighed and turned away. "My, I wish I could be a missionary and go across the ocean," he said.

"Maybe you can someday, son," daddy said. "We hope so."

The next morning Ronnie and Mary and mother and daddy were on their way south once more.

"Where are we going next?" Mary asked.

"To the Pacific Press," said daddy.

"What's the Pacific Press, and where is it?" Mary asked curiously. There were so many new things on this trip she was having a hard time remembering whether she had heard about them before.

"You know," Ronnie said scornfully. "That's where

Our Little Friend is printed, and some of our books.”

“Is it, daddy?” Mary asked. “Is it a printing house?”

“That’s right, Mary,” daddy said. “The Pacific Press prints *Our Little Friend*. It is a publishing house at Mountain View. We’ll be there in about an hour.”

“Is it the only publishing house our church has?” Ronnie asked.

“Oh, no,” mother said. “Our church had a publishing house eight years before it had a name. Elder White had \$655 that the people had given him so that he could buy a printing press. He bought a hand press and started printing papers in Rochester, New York, in the first real home that he and Mrs. White had. Do you recall that I told you that their house was used for printing and as a home for the people who did the printing?”

Mary and Ronnie nodded.

“But what did Elder White print?” Ronnie asked. “If we didn’t even have a church name, how did he print church papers?”

“He published the *Review and Herald*,” said mother. “Then later he started *The Youth’s Instructor*.”

“When did he start printing *Our Little Friend*?” Mary asked.

“Elder White didn’t start *Our Little Friend*,” mother said. “*Our Little Friend* wasn’t published un-

til after his death. But he did print the first *Signs of the Times*, and he started the Pacific Press at Oakland, California. Later it was moved to Mountain View. Soon after it was built in Mountain View, the San Francisco earthquake shook it down. After it was rebuilt, a fire burned it down, but it was started again and has been going ever since."

"My, they had lots of troubles, didn't they?" Mary asked. "Will they let us see the place where *Our Little Friend* is printed?"

"Oh, yes," said mother. "We're going to see the entire plant."

A few minutes later daddy turned the car into a private street lined with pepper trees.

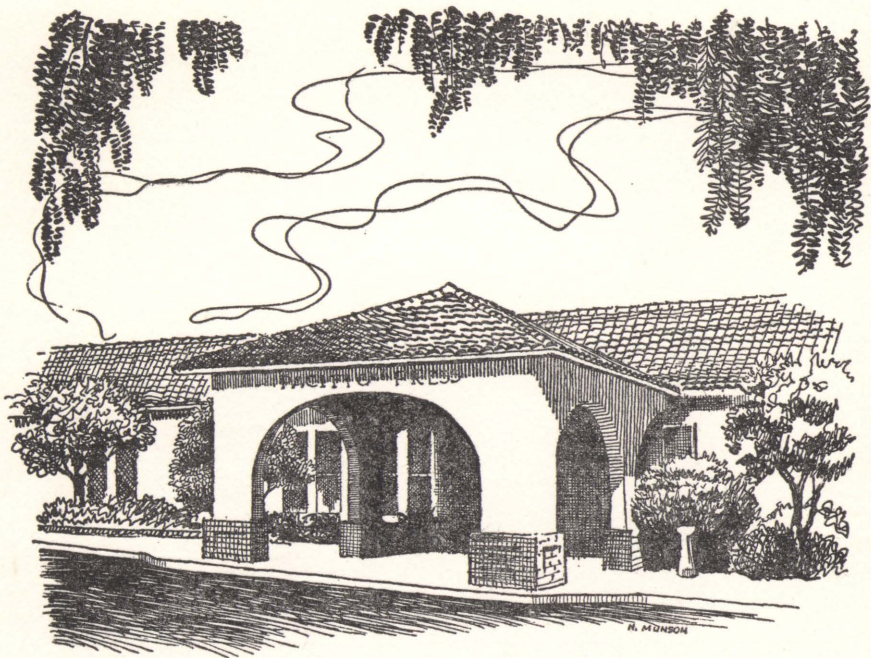
"This is the Pacific Press," Ronnie said. "I read the name on the two stone pillars as we entered the driveway." As soon as daddy parked the car, he and Mary jumped out to look around at the green stucco buildings.

"I've seen pictures of this," said Mary, pointing to the main entrance to the Pacific Press. "But I didn't know that it was our publishing house. I didn't know it was where *Our Little Friend* was printed."

"You know now," said daddy. "Come, let's go inside."

Mary held daddy's hand as he led the way into the building and to the desk.

"Of course you may go through the Pacific Press,"



the lady at the desk said. "Would you please sit down while I get a guide for you?"

Mary sat on the edge of a chair and looked around. She could hear the noise of typewriters, and people talking. A man came through the hall and smiled and said, "Hello."

A lady came toward them. "Would you like to see the Pacific Press?" she asked Mary and Ronnie. "This is where *Our Little Friend* comes from."

Mary jumped up and smiled shyly. Indeed she did want to!

The Pacific Press

CHAPTER 16

MARY followed behind the guide down the hall of the Pacific Press. The guide took them first to the office of the editor of *Our Little Friend*, where the man talked to them about the children's magazines. She was happy to get a copy of *Our Little Friend*, too.

The guide took them to the art department, and Mary and Ronnie watched some of the artists at work.

"I want to see the printing presses," Ronnie whispered to Mary. "I wish we'd hurry up and get to them."

He didn't have long to wait. But first the guide took them into a noisy room where men sat at huge machines and worked at keyboards somewhat like typewriters.

The man at the first machine said it was a linotype.

He showed Mary and Ronnie how it worked. He pressed some of the keys and soon metal molds were gathered in a line. From this the machine cast a strip of metal that the man called a "slug." Ronnie touched one of the slugs as it came from the linotype and burned his finger.

"I'm setting *Our Little Friend* in type," the man said.

Ronnie and Mary thanked him for showing them the linotype, and they followed the guide on through the room.

"Now we'll go to the foundry and photoengraving rooms," said the guide.

Mary and Ronnie couldn't understand much of what the guide and mother and daddy talked about in there, and they were glad when they went into the pressroom.

The big room was a noisy mixture of whirring, clattering, and banging. Mary covered her ears with her hands. Ronnie laughed at her. "I like it in here," he said, his eyes shining. "Look at all these great machines—I mean, printing presses. See that one, Mary! See how many pages it prints at once. And how fast it goes, too. And see the little fires that burn under the paper and help dry the ink. See the spray that shoots out on top of the papers."

Mary looked, but she still didn't like the noise. The guide explained that these presses were print-

ing books, especially the Bible Pageant Series, *The Bible Story*, and the *Tiny Tots Library*. Then she took them down the room to a smaller press.

“This press is printing *Our Little Friend*,” she said.

“Hello, little girl,” the man working the press said. He smiled at Ronnie, too.

Mary uncovered her ears to hear him better, and he showed her how his press worked. He walked over to a pile of *Our Little Friends* that were already printed and folded and got one for her.

Ronnie looked over her shoulder. “Why, that’s a ‘Back to School’ issue of *Our Little Friend*,” he said. “This is still summer vacation. How come?”

The guide laughed. “If we printed the ‘Back to School’ issue of *Our Little Friend* at the time school began in the fall,” she explained, “you wouldn’t get it until Halloween. It takes many weeks to get *Our Little Friend* ready and printed and mailed to the Sabbath schools.”

Ronnie shook his head and looked at Mary. This was something new.

Daddy was walking toward the largest press of all, and Ronnie and Mary followed quickly.

“This is the press that prints the *Signs of the Times*,” the guide shouted above the whirr the press made.

Mary and Ronnie walked around the huge press

carefully, from the place where the big white rolls of paper were spinning around, to the end where the *Signs* were coming off in a steady stream, all printed and folded, ready to be trimmed.

Soon the guide took them into the bindery. It was quiet after the pressroom. Ronnie and Mary didn't think it was as interesting, either, after watching the busy machines. But they did want to see how the books were sewed and glued, and they watched the workers put the covers on the books.

Soon the trip through the Press was over, and the guide took them to the front door again.

"This has been wonderful," Mary said. "Thank you very much."

"Thanks a lot," said Ronnie.

The guide smiled. "I'm glad you liked it. When you read *Our Little Friend* you can think of all the work it takes to print it. Then you will want to keep *Our Little Friends* clean and smooth to give to your friends."

"That's what I'm going to do," Mary said.

Our Church on the Radio

CHAPTER 17

AFTER Ronnie and Mary and mother and daddy left the Pacific Press, they drove south once more on highway 101.

"We've seen so many things that they all go around and around in my head," said Mary. "We saw Elmhaven and Pacific Union College and the Saint Helena Sanitarium and the Golden Gate Bridge and the big ships at San Francisco and the missionaries that went on the ship, and the Pacific Press. I'll have so much to tell grandma I won't know where to begin."

Daddy laughed. "What have you liked the best?"

"I don't know," Mary said. "I liked everything. What will we see next?"

"We're going to stop at the beach for a day or so before we go on," daddy said.

"Are we, really?" Mary asked. "Oh, goody!" She clapped her hands and bounced on the seat.

"Can we swim in the ocean and play in the sand?" Ronnie asked.

"Indeed you can," said daddy. "It's getting so hot today that I'll be glad for a swim myself."

"We'll have to be careful not to get sunburned, though," mother said. "Sunburn would really spoil the rest of the trip."

"We'll be careful," said Ronnie. "How soon will we stop at the beach?"

"About noon, I think," daddy said. "We'll find a motel near the beach and stay tonight and all day tomorrow and start south again the next morning. Does that suit you?"

"Oh, yes," said Mary and Ronnie together.

About noon they reached the motel. After fixing a picnic lunch in the kitchenette, they walked down to the beach to eat and play in the sand. Later in the afternoon they swam and jumped the breakers. The next day Ronnie and Mary played on the beach most of the day, but they were careful not to get sunburned.

The next morning they started south again, and in the afternoon arrived in Los Angeles.

"Does our church have anything here that we are going to see?" Mary asked.

"Oh, yes," said mother. "There's the White Memorial Hospital, the Glendale Sanitarium, The Voice of Prophecy—"

"That's what we hear on the radio," Mary said.

"It is," said mother. "I think we will visit the place where The Voice of Prophecy radio program is prepared."

"I know The Voice of Prophecy song," Ronnie said. He began to sing:

"Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring:
Jesus is coming again!
Cheer up, ye pilgrims, be joyful and sing;
Jesus is coming again!
Coming again, coming again,
Jesus is coming again!"

"Well done," said daddy. "You must have been listening to the King's Heralds on The Voice of Prophecy."

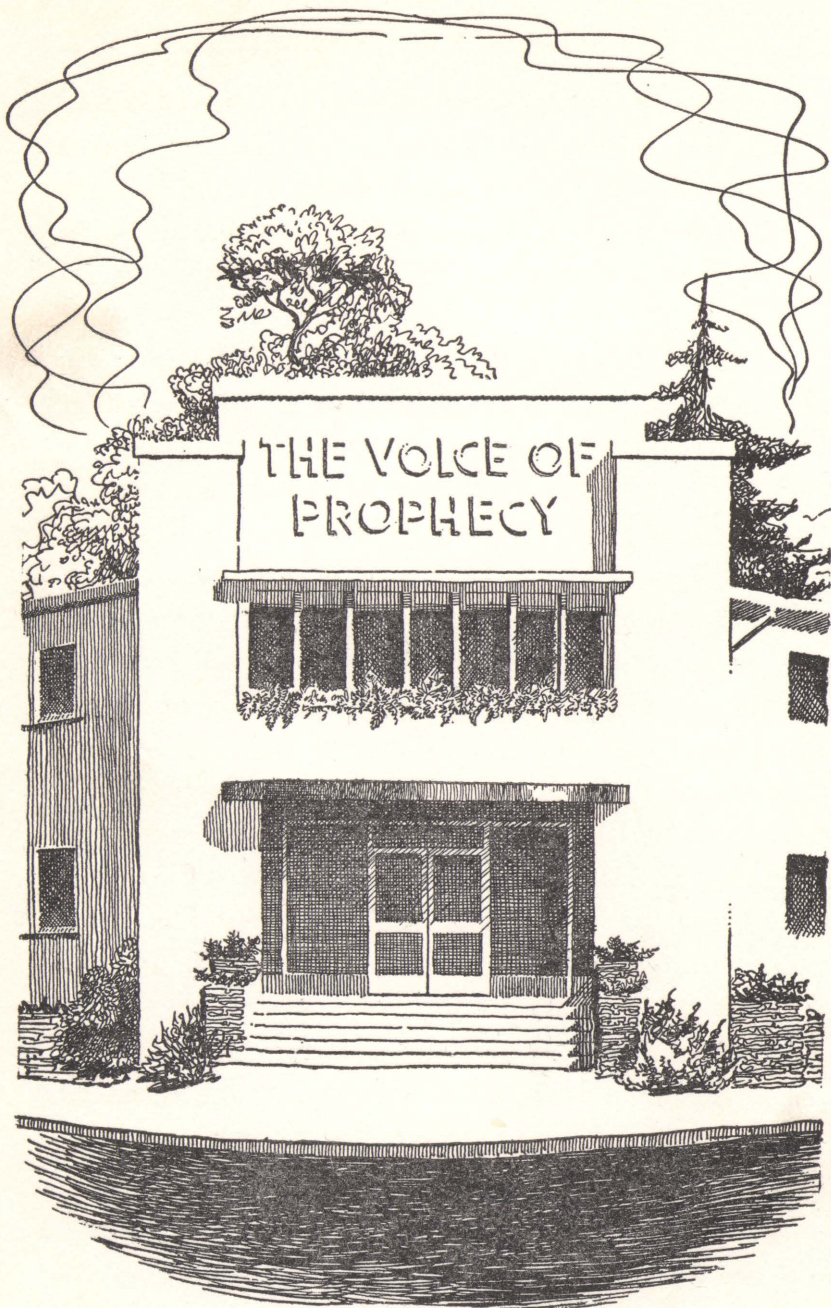
Ronnie laughed. "I have; but we also sing that song in Sabbath school."

"Mamma, when did our church begin The Voice of Prophecy? Was it before we had a church name?" Mary asked.

Ronnie giggled. "Of course not, silly. There wasn't any radio then."

Mary's eyes opened wide. "Haven't there always been radios?" she asked.

"No," mother said. "Ronnie is right. People didn't have radios in their homes before the 1920's. Our church began to use the radio late in the 1920's. The Voice of Prophecy began in 1930. That was when daddy and I were about the size you two are now.



The radio program wasn't called The Voice of Prophecy then. It was the Tabernacle of the Air, and it was broadcast over one small station in Los Angeles. Seven years later it was renamed The Voice of Prophecy. Now it is broadcast all over the world, in several languages."

"Doesn't it cost lots of money?" Ronnie asked. He remembered that once he had sent a birthday dollar to The Voice of Prophecy.

"Indeed it does," said mother. "But many people who listen to the program send money to help pay for it. Once a year we have a special offering in church to help pay for The Voice of Prophecy programs, too."

Daddy parked near a big building on a corner. "Here we are," he said. "This is The Voice of Prophecy building. How changed is the way we give the message! At first the ministers had to go by horseback and coach. Then they were able to go by train and steamship, but they could still preach only to the audience that sat in front of them. Now The Voice of Prophecy can be heard all over the world, and the television program produced in New York City is heard and seen all over the country. Our ministers and missionaries cross the continent or the ocean by airplane in less time than our first ministers required to go a short distance on horseback."

Our Church Medical College

CHAPTER 18

TODAY we'll get to grandma's house! Today we'll get to grandma's house!" Mary sang as she brushed her hair. Ronnie snapped his suitcase shut while daddy carried the other bags from the motel room to the car.

"Daddy, are we going to stop to see anything else before we get to grandma's house?" Ronnie asked when daddy came back.

"Yes, I think so," said daddy. "We are going near Loma Linda, so I thought you might like to see the College of Medical Evangelists."

"That's where our junior-division leader, Dr. Darter, went to school," said Ronnie. "His oldest boy says he is going to school there someday. I'd like to see that place."

"What kind of school is it?" Mary asked, dropping

the brush into her suitcase. "Is it like Pacific Union College?"

"Not exactly," daddy said. "You get into the car now, and mamma can tell you about it while we ride."

Ronnie and Mary dashed out the door and jumped into the car.

"Move over," Mary demanded. "I want this side today behind daddy."

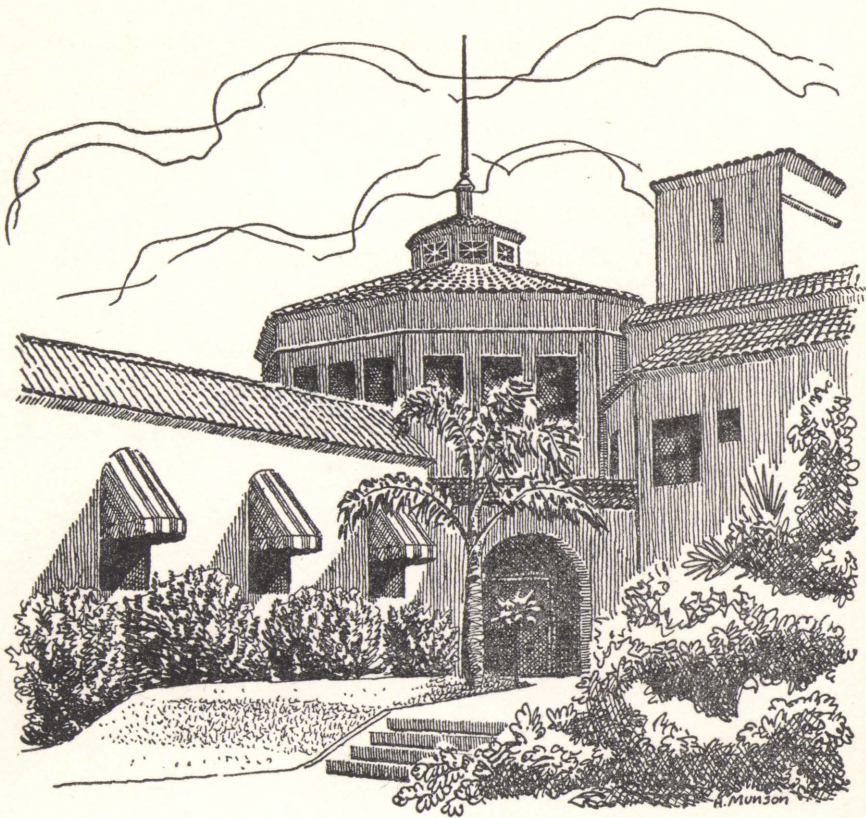
"It's mine," Ronnie said roughly. "The girl's side is behind mamma."

Mother came up just then. "Mary, you may sit behind daddy until we get to Loma Linda, and Ronnie may sit there from Loma Linda to grandma's. How will that be?"

Ronnie moved over, grumbling to himself. "It's my side, anyway."

But he stopped grumbling when mother began her story about Loma Linda and the College of Medical Evangelists.

"Mrs. White kept telling our church leaders that they should start sanitariums in southern California. But sanitariums cost money, and the churches in southern California didn't have much money. Mrs. White and another woman finally managed to scrape together enough money to buy some buildings and land near San Diego. This became the Paradise Valley Sanitarium. Then they all sighed with relief that they had a sanitarium, and—"



“Is it as big as Saint Helena Sanitarium?” Mary asked.

“Almost as big,” mother said. “Anyway, they were happy that they had a sanitarium. But Mrs. White said that one was not enough. The leaders didn’t want to get another sanitarium, because they lacked money, but they finally bought the buildings and land

in Glendale for another sanitarium. It has been moved from the place where it was first built, but you saw last night how big it is now. Then the southern California churches had two sanitariums to pay for, and they weren't interested in another sanitarium. But Mrs. White saw the need for a sanitarium that would grow into a nursing school and medical school, and it wasn't either Paradise Valley or Glendale.

"Mrs. White asked one of the ministers to watch for some buildings and land. Before long a sanitarium at Loma Linda was put up for sale. Mrs. White was in Los Angeles at the time, on her way to a General Conference in Washington. She showed an interest in it then, and after she got to Washington she sent a telegram telling the leaders they should go ahead and buy the sanitarium. The leaders were afraid, and they didn't want to do it; but the minister went ahead, for he believed in Mrs. White's counsel. He borrowed enough money to make the down payment. When the second payment was due, in about a month, the conference would be able to pay it, he thought. But the day came for the payment, and the conference did not have the money. The leaders tried to decide what to do. They talked and they prayed. They thought they wouldn't be able to buy the sanitarium at all, when a letter came in the mail. It was from across the continent, and it had in it a check for the exact amount needed for the payment. After that the lead-

ers knew for sure that the Lord wanted them to have a sanitarium in Loma Linda."

"When did they make it into a medical school?" Ronnie asked.

"The nurses' training school began as soon as the sanitarium opened," mother said. "The medical school began two years later. Later the White Memorial Hospital in Los Angeles was built as part of the medical school.

"Daddy, there's the sign to Loma Linda," Ronnie said.

Daddy turned, and a few minutes later they were in the little town of Loma Linda.

"The sanitarium is up on the hill," mother said, pointing to it, "and the medical college is down here on the level valley land."

At Grandma's

CHAPTER 19

MARY jumped out of the car and dashed toward grandma's house. "Grandma! Grandma!" she shrieked. "We're here!"

Then she stopped. It had been several years since she had seen grandma, and Mary wasn't sure what grandma looked like. But grandma had heard her and came out on the porch to meet them. She hugged them, one in each arm.

"Oh, grandma," Mary said. "We're so glad to be here, and we've had such a good trip. We've seen so many things that I'll never be able to remember all of them to tell you, and—"

Ronnie laughed. "She's excited, grandma. We'll remember most of the things we've seen."

Mother and daddy joined them, and grandma welcomed everyone. "I've been looking for you ever



since noon," she said. "Dinner is almost ready! Bring your suitcases and come on in. Granddad will be home from work in a few minutes. He was so sure you'd be here this afternoon that he said he'd quit a little early today. In fact, there he comes now."

Ronnie and Mary turned to see granddad coming up the sidewalk. They dashed to meet him, each grabbing a hand.

"How you two have grown!" he said. "What do you feed them, Don?"

"Lots of milk," daddy said.

After supper Mary and Ronnie helped grandma do the dishes while mother unpacked the suitcases.

"Grandma," Mary said, "did you ever see Mrs. White?"

"Yes, I did," grandma said. "I saw her once when I was a girl not much bigger than you are."

"Tell us about her, grandma," Mary said. "I wish I could have seen her. Mrs. White died before mamma was born, didn't she?"

"Yes," said grandma. "I remember very well seeing her, for she was preaching at a big meeting. She was a little lady, not as tall as your mother, Mary."

"What did she wear, grandma? Did she have on a dress like the one she has in the pictures I've seen of her?"

"Yes, Mary, she did. It was a plain dress with a white collar. I think the dress was navy blue, if I

remember. She was an old lady when I saw her, but she could speak so that we could hear her clearly. She smiled at us, too. I remember that because I had thought she would be serious and solemn. I had heard people say, 'Mrs. White wrote this,' and 'Mrs. White said thus and so would happen,' and I got the idea that she was a sort of judge. But she looked very kind."

"Have you been to Elmshaven, grandma?" Ronnie asked.

"No, I haven't, Ronnie. You and Mary must tell me about it while you are here. Thank you for helping me with the dishes. Would you like to feed the kitty?"

Mary and Ronnie took the milk and toast outside to grandma's big white cat, and then walked around the yard to see the flowers.

A boy and girl about their own size were playing in the next yard. When they saw Mary and Ronnie they ran over to the fence.

"You must be Mary and Ronnie," the boy said. "Your grandma told us that you were coming. My name is Larry, and this is Bess, my sister. Can you come over and play?"

Ronnie ran inside to ask permission, and then he and Mary went around to Larry and Bess's yard.

Before they went back to grandma's house, Larry said, "Tomorrow morning Bess and I are going to the church school with the teachers and some of the

other children. We're going to clean up the school-yard, hoe the weeds, plant some shrubs, and water everything. Would you two like to come? It's going to be lots of fun. We're going at nine o'clock."

"We'll ask," Ronnie said. "I'd like to go."

Before they went to bed, Ronnie and Mary asked mother if they could go with Bess and Larry, and she said they could.

"Mamma," Mary said sleepily, "you told us about how our church started colleges and even the medical college, but you've never told us about how church schools were started. I wish—" She stopped to yawn a big, sleepy yawn.

Mother laughed. "I don't think you could stay awake long enough for me to tell you. Shall we save that story for some other time?"

Mary nodded. She was too sleepy to answer.

Camp Meeting

CHAPTER 20

MARY and Ronnie and mother and daddy were home again after their long trip to grand-ma's. Mary and Ronnie had made a scrapbook with some of the pictures daddy had taken, and they had written carefully about the different places.

"You will be glad someday you made that book," daddy said. "When you study in school about the story of our church, you will be able to look at the pictures and say, 'I have been there.' The story will mean more to you then."

"But we don't study about our church in school," Ronnie said.

"Someday maybe you can go to a church school," daddy said. He pulled on his milking boots and went out.

Ronnie reached for his boots, too.

"We are going to camp meeting Thursday," mother said.

Ronnie dropped the boots. "All of us? I'd forgotten about camp meeting."

"Daddy can't go this year, because of our trip to grandma's," mother said. "But I'm supposed to help in the primary tent again this year. We'll ride in Mr. Anderson's big truck the way we did last year."

"Oh, goody," said Mary. "Only I hope it doesn't rain the way it did on our way home."

Ronnie finished fastening his boots. "I liked the rain and lightning," he said.

On Thursday Ronnie and Mary waved good-by to daddy from the back of the big truck where they sat on a steamer trunk. Mother sat on a roll of bedding. Two other mothers and five more children rode in the back, and a man and one boy besides Mr. Anderson in the front.

"This is fun to go to camp meeting in a truck," Mary said. "How did people used to go to camp meetings when our church first began? Or did they have camp meetings?"

"Oh, yes," said mother. "They had camp meetings even before our church had a name. Do you recall that I told you about William Miller and the other men who preached in 1844 that Christ would come? Some of them preached at camp meetings. The first Adventist camp meeting in the United States

was held at East Kingston, New Hampshire, in 1842."

"But did many people come to the camp meeting?" Ronnie asked. He knew that thousands of people came to the camp meeting where he was going.

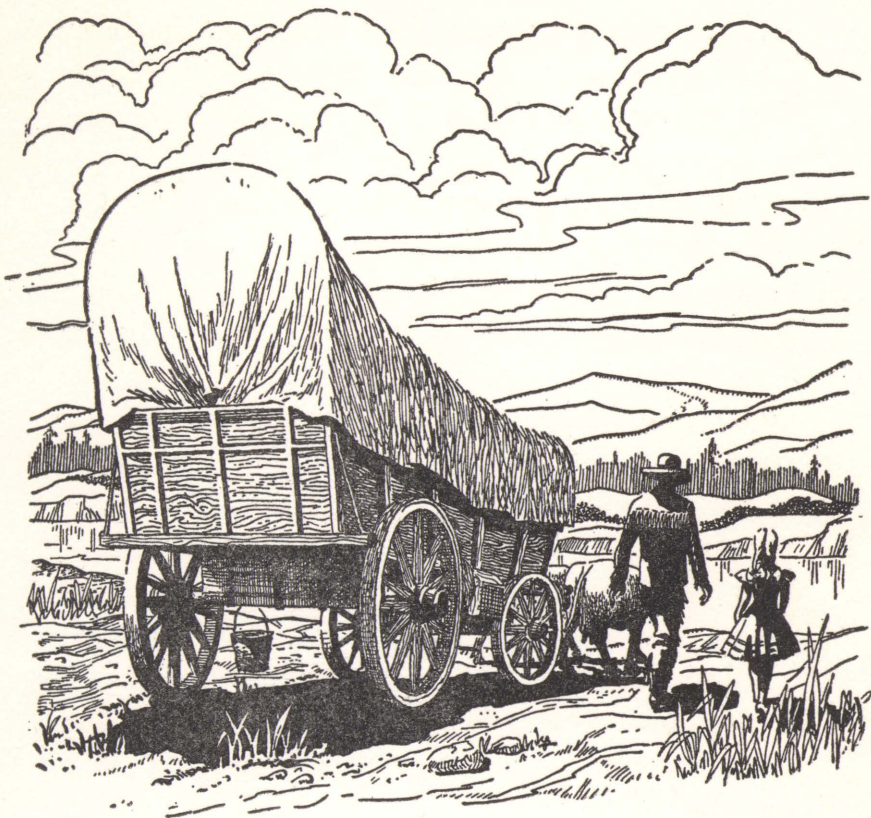
"Between seven and ten thousand," mother said. "The meeting was held in a forest. The pulpit for the ministers was made of rough lumber, with trees for a background, and pine and hemlock needles for the floor underneath. The people sat on benches of boards and logs under the trees. The ministers had two big charts beside the pulpit. One was a picture of Nebuchadnezzar's dream of the image, the other of the beasts and dragon of Revelation. The tents the people used were in a circle beyond the meeting place, and the cooking places were outside that."

"Didn't they have a big tent for the meetings?" Ronnie asked. He thought of the big white building where the evening meetings were held at his camp meeting. What would it be like to sit under the trees to listen to the minister?

"In the first camp meeting they didn't have a tent," mother said. "Later they had a huge tent that held three or four thousand people, but more people came to the meetings than the tent would hold."

"What were the children's tents like?" Mary asked.

"There weren't any children's meetings," mother said. "The children sat with their parents at the regular meetings."



“I wouldn’t like that,” said Mary. “I like my primary meeting. I like the stories.”

“It was many years after Adventists held their first camp meetings before children’s meetings were started,” mother said. “I read in the book *Origin and Progress of Seventh-day Adventists* an interesting re-

port of how people went to camp meeting. Would you like to hear about it?"

Ronnie and Mary nodded, and the other children came closer to hear, too.

"The camp meeting was held in Iowa, and most of the people who came were farmers and their families," mother said. "Some of them lived long distances from the campground. The book says that early one June morning several families met at one church member's farm. They had five farm wagons, loaded with their camp-meeting baggage and themselves. All day they rode, and at suppertime they camped at a farm. They pitched three tents, and the farmer let them use clean straw to sleep on. The church members held a meeting, and the farmer and his neighbors came to hear the Bible read. Then at 4:30 the next morning the people started out again—and this time they walked to keep warm. They stopped to fix breakfast beside a creek, and then in the afternoon they reached the campground."

"Wouldn't that be fun?" said Mary. "I'd like to go to camp meeting in a wagon and camp overnight on the way. But, still, I think I'd rather go in a truck to a camp meeting that has a primary tent for the children. Maybe I'd rather live right now, after all."

Church School

CHAPTER 21

THE trip to grandma's was over, camp meeting was over, and Ronnie and Mary began to think about the beginning of school. Of course it was several weeks away, but they thought about it anyway.

"I wish we could go to a church school," said Mary.

"So do I," said Ronnie. "One like the church school near grandma's house—the one we visited with Larry and Bess."

"I suppose we'd better not be wishing," said Mary. "After all, it is too far to our church school. Maybe we can go to our church college someday."

"But that's a long time yet," said Ronnie.

"Mamma said she would tell us about the first church schools," Mary said. "Maybe she'll do it now while she's sewing. Let's go ask her."

Mother smiled when they told her what they wanted. "I did promise to tell you about how our church schools started, didn't I?" she asked.

Ronnie sat down on the rug beside the sewing machine, and Mary flopped across the bed.

"I'll tell you about one of the first church schools," mother said. "You know, our church had colleges before it had church schools for the children. Sister White had been telling the leaders that the church should have schools, but they hadn't really done much about it. Then one spring day the president of Battle Creek College got a letter from a farmer in northern Michigan asking for a church-school teacher for his five children and other children of the church. The college president finally found a woman who said she would be the teacher. But instead of going right away, she wrote to ask if she would have a nice room, and if it was far to the nearest town, and what kind of building the school would be in. Where do you suppose the farmer was going to have the school?"

"In his house?" asked Ronnie.

"That's right," mother said. "But he didn't have a big house such as we have. He had two little downstairs rooms—one the kitchen, the other the living room. School would be held in the living room, but the only stove for heating the house was in the kitchen. The teacher would have a tiny room of her own upstairs. Of course the house didn't have a

bathroom. Everyone took his bath in a washtub beside the kitchen stove. Well, the teacher didn't go, and, of course, the farmer and his children were disappointed."

"What did they do?" Ronnie asked. "Did the children go to public school?"

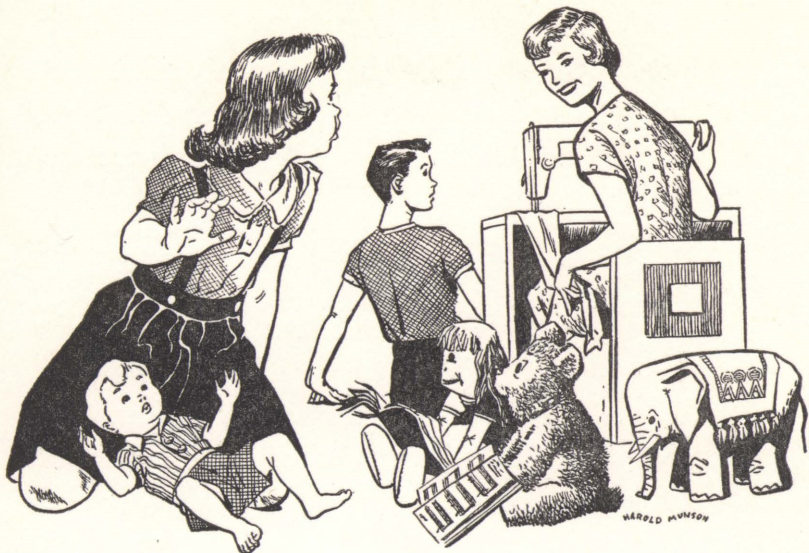
"No," mother said. "The children's mother taught them the same way she had been doing for several years. But they did want a regular schoolteacher. The farmer died, but his wife still tried to get a teacher. Finally the president of Battle Creek College was able to send her a teacher—a city girl still in her teens. But she was a good teacher. Do you know what she used as a textbook?"

Ronnie and Mary shook their heads.

"She taught everything from the Bible—reading, arithmetic, and history. She had a homemade blackboard, and homemade tables, and a parlor organ, and thirteen pupils. She was paid \$15 a month for teaching, and she lived with the family. She was a good teacher, and one day she even saved the house from burning down when the roof caught on fire."

"I wish we could go to church school, mamma," said Ronnie. "You've told us so many stories about how our church started that I wish we could go to church school to learn more about how it all happened."

"So do I," said Mary.



Mother stopped sewing and looked out the window.

"So you'd really like to go to church school?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," they said.

"But it's too far," Ronnie added.

"Daddy and I want you to go to church school, too," mother said. "In fact, we want it so much that we are going to move closer to the school this summer before school begins in September—"

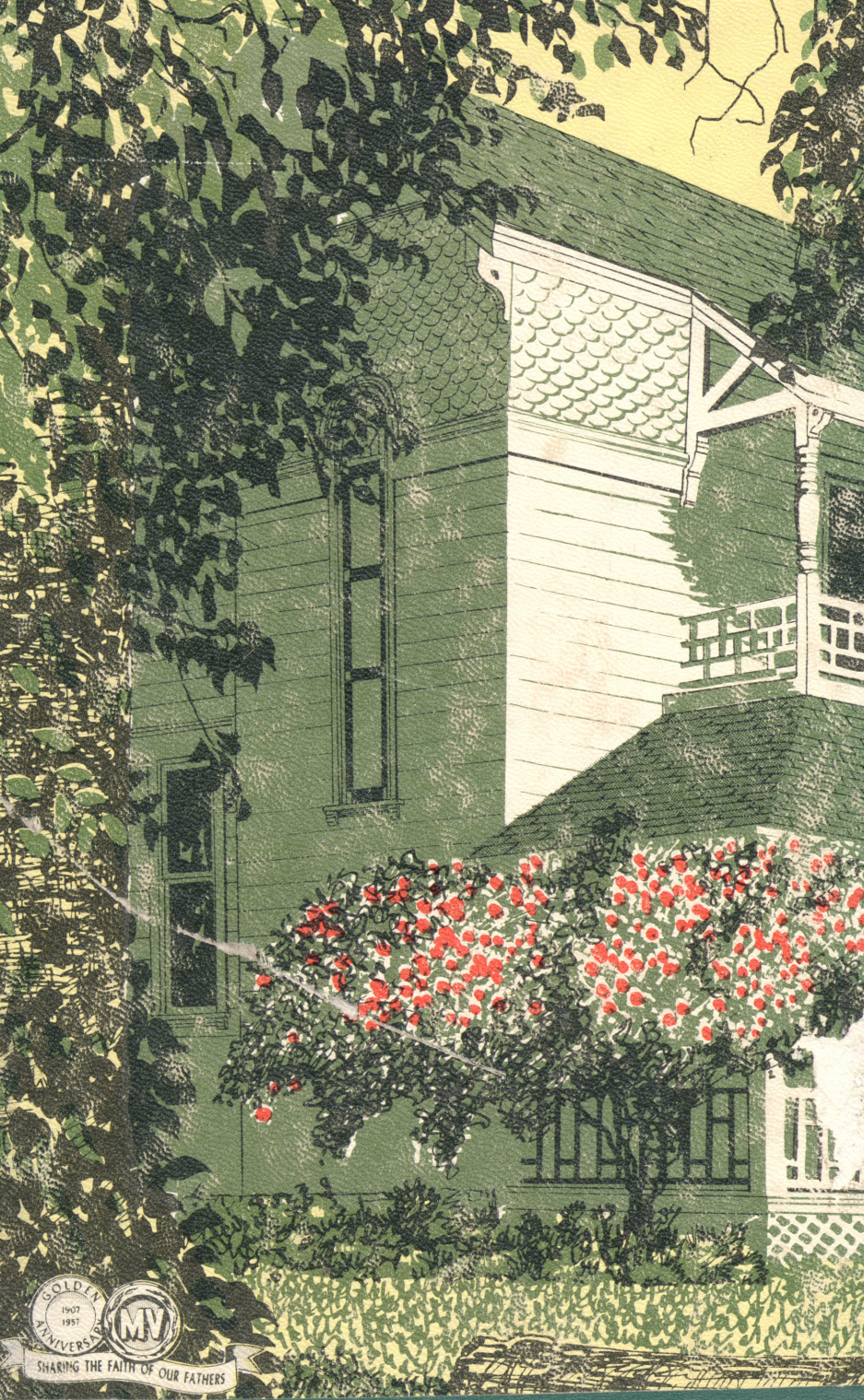
Ronnie jumped up. "You are! You mean we're going to move? But what about the farm?"

Mary rolled off the bed so fast that she bumped her head on the floor. "Honest, mamma? Are we really going to move?"

Mother laughed. "Such excitement! Yes, we are trading this farm for another farm closer to town. When school begins this year, you will go to church school."

Ronnie and Mary hugged her, and then they danced around the room.

"Thank you, thank you, mamma," Mary said. She stopped and looked at her mother. "But mamma, even if we do go to church school, thank you for telling us the story of our church. It's been exciting to know more about God's wonderful work on earth."



SHARING THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS